Edward C. M. Tower

COMPLIMENTS OF

The General Theological Seminary

ADVENTURE FOR GOD

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THE BISHOP PADDOCK LECTURES

1904

ADVENTURE FOR GOD

BY

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NEVER ERST KNEW I OF SO HIGH ADVENTURES
DONE, AND SO MARVELLOUS AND STRANGE

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TO

MY FRIENDS

MARY BRYANT BRANDEGEE

AND

GEORGE C. AND ADA E. M. THOMAS

WHOSE SYMPATHETIC AND GENEROUS AID

HELPED ME IN

AN ADVENTURE FOR GOD

PREFACE

WHEN I accepted the invitation to deliver the Paddock lectures I had in mind a subject somewhat different from the one which I finally chose—or, to speak more accurately, which chose me. My reading and thinking for nearly three years had been occupied with a consideration of the evolution and character of national life. Ordinarily a man can speak with greatest force and sanity on a topic in which he has been interested, not as a lecture-theme, but as a study congenial with his tastes and pursued for personal edification. Accordingly I plunged with enthusiasm into the preparation of six lectures, to be entitled *The Incarnation and National Life.*

Those who were wiser than I in the matter (though I did not think so at the moment) advised me to select a less academic line. The missionary opportunity was suggested as a good subject. But I stubbornly continued along my original course until within a few days of the time set for the delivery of the first lecture. The manuscript of the whole series was ready for final revision, and it seemed as though no alternative were left me but to use it, when one of those

irresistible but kindly waves of influence which I suppose every one has at one time or another experienced, swept in and conquered me.

It was irresistible in that I was convinced that the subject as I had developed it would not fulfil the purpose of the trust committed to me; had I continued to kick against the pricks the words of the lectures would have fallen from my lips as dry as chips from a dead tree. It was kindly in that I was not left naked. A vision of the course as actually delivered rose before me with sufficient clearness and inspiration to give me courage to appeal simply and directly to the splendid young manhood before me to make large ventures for God.

I need hardly say that in this precipitate change I was not plunging into a sphere of thought new to me. The change was one of form rather than of substance, for I was able to use a good deal of the material gathered under my earlier inspiration. I abandoned, however, the academic for the practical, and in doing so forfeited that direct preparation by means of which a speaker strives to put his ideas into the best shape for effective delivery, and gains composure for public ut-

terance—unless he is too intense and lays too great stress on form, in which event he suffers the penalty of excess, falling into confusion or being distracted by anxiety.

Indirect preparation for a sermon gives the material and balance; direct preparation is chiefly the placing of the crude tool on the emery-wheel for its final polish. Neither may be neglected without serious loss, but the latter without the former yields an untempered instrument, or, to change the simile, clouds without water. Those who heard these lectures delivered will readily recall how crude and rough-hewn they were in form. They were given without manuscript; but a retentive memory and such notes as I had, have enabled me to reproduce in the written page the best, if not all, of that which was originally said, together with considerable amplification.

I cannot refrain from expressing the gratitude with which I recall the full attendance and generous hearing accorded me throughout the course. The power of a public address is in part the contribution of those who hear it. A sensitive speaker *en rapport* with his audience is always lifted above his own level. By in-

fluences more easily felt than described he discerns and appropriates the aspirations of his hearers, giving them back their own, clad in new garments,—a process which the students of the General Theological Seminary made it easy for me to employ throughout the course of my lectures on *Adventure for God.*

Manila, P. I.
September 5, 1905

CONTENTS

LECTURE I

THE VISION

And anon as he was asleep, him befel a vision, that there came to him two birds, the one as white as a swan, and the other was marvellous black, but it was not so great as the other, but in the likeness of a raven. Then the white bird came to him, and said, An thou wouldst give me meat and serve me, I should give thee all the riches of the world, and I shall make thee as fair and as white as I am. So the white bird departed, and then came the black bird to him, and said, An thou wilt serve me to-morrow, and have me in no despite, though I be black, for wit thou well that more availeth my blackness, than the other's whiteness . . . for ye be Jesu Christ's knights, therefore ye ought to be defenders of holy Church. And by the black bird might ye understand the holy Church, which saith I am black, but he is fair.[1]

I

I WOULD direct my appeal in these lectures to the imagination rather than to the intellect, by which I mean that my ambition is to reach your logical faculty, as well as all that goes to make up your soul or self, by way of the imagination. Life is a romance from first to last if you will allow it to be. The mere utilitarian, with all his practical ability and scorn of the intangible, is as apt to leave behind him a trail of desolation as to render beneficent service to his fellows. The damage done, on the other hand, by the imprac-

[1] Quotations introducing chapters are taken from *Le Morte d'Arthur*.

tical idealist is just as grievous, though of a different order. He does so little that the waste which marks his path is covered thick with unplucked weeds that choke such grain as he may have sowed. But the child of Christian romance whets his power to do with his power to see. He desires above all else to live an effective life, that is to say, to leave a permanent mark for good on society.

Efficiency does not consist either in cold knowledge or bald skill. At its helm stands motive; aloft, trimming its sails, are sympathy, sentiment and purpose. The poetic side of our nature—every one has it more or less—is the main link that binds humanity to the unseen universe and Him who presides over things visible and invisible. By means of it our lower self mounts as on a ladder into the region of the stars, where alone we can learn life in its true proportions and the large value of the common deeds of the common day.

Perhaps the earliest requisite of an effective life is a vision. The record of human experience compels the assertion. Often enough a richly endowed character will loaf halfway down life's journey doing worse than nothing, or else will diligently use his gifts to others' hurt. Suddenly an unseen hand touches his eyes and he awakes to responsibility. He has had a vision. Dreams give place to action, weeds to flowers.

It was concurrently with Abraham's vision and the

outcome of it that, at the age of seventy-five, he began that life of marvellous adventure that left him at its close a towering character imperishably enthroned among the world's heroes. Saul of Tarsus was an angel of destruction before he was enlightened by the heavenly vision, which compelled him to turn about in his tracks and become the foremost leader in Christian theology and ethics for all time. Even Jesus had to have His vision before He could enter upon His public ministry. In its power thirty years of obscurity burst into three years of splendour so great as to dazzle the sun's rays. Confucius, Zoroaster, Gautama, each had a cognate experience.

But the need of a heavenly vision belongs not solely to religious characters, but to manhood as such. However we may undertake to explain it, or even if we offer no interpretation whatever, it stands as a necessary element in the effective life, sometimes taking the form of moral insight, as in the case of a man like John Stuart Mill; sometimes breaking into a tide of sympathetic service, as when Francis of Assisi lived and loved; or again rising into fervent patriotism in a Cavour and a Lincoln, into poetry, as in a Dante and a Shakespeare.

When Maeterlinck says, "Let us rejoice . . . in regions higher than the little truths that our eyes can seize," he is inviting men to make use of their latent or undeveloped capacity to see visions. It is not neces-

sary to say that I am not using the word vision in any narrow sense, or restricting it to the ecstatic revelations which characterize mysticism. I am thinking of every form of idealism which is capable of fastening upon and controlling life for its enduring welfare. I would include in the same high company the vision of the ideal state which drives its happy victim to institute a campaign against the oppression of the poor or corruption in politics, and the vision of Christ vouchsafed a S. Anthony of Padua; the vision of duty which nerves an unselfish arm to do unrecognized deeds of kindness in the confined spaces of a cramped existence, and the vision of a S. Paul who beats the bounds of the earth in his adventure for God. The modern task is not to draw extraordinary phenomena down to the level of the ordinary, but to lift up the ordinary into the high sphere of the extraordinary.

The story [1] of the young man who entered upon his career wedded to his conception of what an architect's life should be is a recognition of the existence to-day of visions among men; and of their power, too. He lost his hold and descended into the depths, but the vision of his youth was truer to him than he to it. At the moment of his shame it plucked him out of the abyss and reinstated him in his manhood.

Is it a small thing that a man of our day who has

[1] *The Common Lot*, by Robert Herrick.

pledged his powers to purity in the realm of art should decline—after a struggle as when Jesus was tempted —an offer to make him wealthy if he would lend his gifts for a while to that which in his judgement was unworthy of art? His vision saved him from sordidness and made his temptation an opportunity for reconsecration to his ideal.

Or again do we not feel that it is divinely imparted perception and courage that enable a man to set his face against the undisciplined strenuousness and the ignoble lust for accumulation which are characteristic of modern American life? By a deliberate act he "stops making money," and, considering the joyous claims of family life to be paramount, he plans his occupation so as to give a lion's share of his time to companionship with his wife and children.

Happily it is not difficult to pick out many such richly illumined pages as these, which are given as samples from the volume of contemporary experience. They contribute colour and form to society, and make us exclaim with Browning's Pippa—

God's in His heaven—
All's right with the world!

Now if men of work-a-day type cannot hope to do their best without a vision, how deeply true it must be with those who have embraced the greatest of pro-

fessions,—the ministry! I do not hesitate to call the ministry a profession. A profession is a means of self-expression, and the truly aspiring and ambitious seek a profession to this end. It is not sought merely from a sense of fitness, from taste, or from obligation, but from a distinct feeling of vocation. Thus, and only thus, does a profession become an instrument of force. The ministry is not only the highest profession, but it is the type and ensample to be exhibited before our fellows as the ideal to which all other modes of self-expression must be made to conform. To have this constantly in view will be in itself a new incentive to bring it to its purest perfection and highest possibilities. It is *the* ministry, not in the sense of being the sole ministry, but the representative one. There is nothing narrow or circumscribed in the life of a minister of God. Indeed, if it is viewed in its true character, it is impossible to conceive of a more tremendous or a more vitalizing vocation.

We clergy—let us face the fact—are called upon to exhibit in our profession the highest proficiency *in practical matters.* It may seem at first sight to be a mistake to insist that the secret of achieving success in this respect lies in the purity of our vision. But let us look into the subject. A profession, least of all that for which you are preparing, can never be an end in itself; unless it is considered in relation to some great

purpose, it will fail to be an opening for self-expression. It may be a means of making money, of acquiring fame, of self-gratification; but to be a divine organ, to sound forth the deep notes of self-fulfilment, it must be tuned to the unseen and the infinite by the constant pressure of profound motive. Obviously it is insufficient that a man's main motive should be his profession. To accept as an end what God intended to be a means is to prepare life for arrested development. For a while the joy of working may prove a sufficient impulse to stir some of the finer qualities of the soul; but with the advance of life, and after contact with the darker problems of our human environment, it will lapse into a condition analagous to a shell despoiled of its kernel. Unless a profession—no matter whether it be that which is distinctively religious, or that which we ordinarily call secular—is filled to the brim with a vision, it has neither dignity, permanence nor effectiveness.

What has been neatly termed "respectable inefficiency" among the clergy is more often due to poverty of inner experience than lack of technical training. I can conceive of no more wretched fate than for a young man to find himself in the ministry, solemnly commissioned to give a vision to others without ever having had one himself; charged with the duty of spiritualizing the commonplace activities of his fellows

without ever having spiritualized his own. He may be an intellectual genius, a theologian and an administrator, but he is bound to be a failure. The chief function of the ministry is to reveal to men a vision —this at least on the prophetic side. We must unveil Christ and Christ's purposes. They alone can give a vision who have a vision; Elisha made the young man see the horses and chariots of fire because he himself saw them. And those who have this task to do—they who with the consciousness of vocation and richness of inner experience, moral and spiritual, embrace the ministry—have as their sure fate, whatever woes and trials may assemble to check them, the gladdest and freest, the most influential and beneficent life that the world knows.

It is all very well, it may be argued, to insist on the need of a vision, but can one be summoned at will? In answer I would say that we must expect it as a normal part of life, as the bird expects its feathers, as the chrysalis its wings. "Inspirableness, or the faculty of inspiration, is the supreme faculty of man."[1] None have this gift in a higher degree than the young; and among the young, none in greater measure than they who stand on the threshold or within the gates of the highest profession. The young men see visions —have insight as the heritage of their youth; the

[1] Bushnell.

old men dream dreams—have the power to extract philosophy from the experience of their own and other history.

II

Apostolic effectiveness is the symbol of ministerial effectiveness, and it is not difficult to trace it to its source. The view that the Apostles had of God's purposes so thrilled and conquered them that accomplishment became more nearly commensurate with purpose, efficiency with the ideal, than ever before. The breadth and depth of adventure for God were unfolded before their eyes. In the activities of human affairs a man must be deep and thorough before he is broad; in motive and inner vision breadth precedes depth. Human consciousness should always transcend the immediate task in hand, for the actual processes of energy need to be related not only to the activities of others, but to an ideal, undone, whole. So it was that God laid before the disciples in the infancy of their Christian career the entire reach of Apostolic influence. *Go ye therefore, and make disciples of all the nations.*[1] *Ye shall be my witnesses both in Jerusalem, and in all Judaea and Samaria, and unto the uttermost part of the earth.*[2]

This vision took a twofold form, coming as a com-

[1] *S. Matt.* xxviii, 19. [2] *Acts* i, 8.

mission and as a promise. The injunction was the Lord's last, or at any rate His last important, utterance to man, according to the evangelical biography. Now His commands are always only the imperative form of human aspiration, and when He gives them it is as much to fire His followers with a sense of privilege and opportunity as to impose upon them a duty. Butler, in one of those inspired passages which are found once and again in his writings, pictures "a kingdom or society of men perfectly virtuous for a succession of many ages;" in which "public determinations would really be the result of the united wisdom of the community; and they would faithfully be executed by the united strength of it."[1] In other words he makes law or commandment merely a formal expression of public desire. All Christ's commandments are just that. They are the intuitive formulation of the inner life of the ideal man addressed to a manhood destined to become ideal. As the true preacher, he wins men by revealing to them the law of their own lives. He knows humanity as we do not know it, and to a character that is attuned to His law, even though it be of a low grade of intelligence, His last dictum is as sweet to the soul as honey to the lips. Of course there are moments when the lower elements in our composition writhe under the exactions which the

[1] Butler's *Analogy*, I, iii, 29.

higher nature thus inspired lays upon it; but that is of no importance, for growing pains are necessary to growth.

Hard on the heels of the command comes a prophecy, *Ye shall be my witnesses . . . unto the uttermost part of the earth.* A prophecy is a promise, so by anticipation the disciples learn that the ideal is to be realized and that they are not merely to be adventurers, but efficient adventurers.

Pursued to its ultimate principle the missionary commission and prophecy may be discerned to be an assurance that the Christian Gospel is self-propagating. Plant the truth and it is bound to spread, because of the inherent forces that control it. In this it but follows the course of nature wherein lies as one of its most easily distinguishable features the law of self-propagation. If self-preservation is the first, expansion is the second law of existence throughout the universe.

There is no instance of an Apostle being driven abroad under the compulsion of a bald command. Each one went as a lover to his betrothed on his appointed errand. It was all instinctive and natural. They were equally controlled by the common vision, but they had severally personal visions which drew them whither they were needed. In the first days of Christianity there is an absence of the calculating

spirit. Most of the Apostles died outside of Palestine, though human logic would have forbidden them to leave the country until it had been Christianized. The calculating instinct is death to faith, and had the Apostles allowed it to control their motives and actions they would have said: "The need in Jerusalem is so profound, our responsibilities to people of our own blood so obvious, that we must live up to the principle that charity begins at home. After we have won the people of Jerusalem, of Judea and of the Holy Land in general, then it will be time enough to go abroad; but our problems, political, moral and religious, are so unsolved here in this one spot that it is manifestly absurd to bend our shoulders to a new load." For aught we know discussions bringing out this thought may have taken place, but if so they made such a faint impression that there is no record of them.

Antioch, a young missionary Church, did not hesitate to contribute S. Paul, whose aid it must have sadly needed, so that he might make his bold venture among the nations. Stephen, the proto-martyr, lost his life because he insisted on being missionary in the broadest sense.

When we read the history as it has come to us of the earliest beginnings of the Church, it is a little difficult to understand how it was, with all the concise

instruction which Christians had received from Christ's own lips, that they should have been even as slow as they were in launching out into the deep. But we must remember, in the first place, that we have in our hands, so to speak, an expurgated and condensed Gospel. What was of prime value had to be separated from that which was of lesser importance. This end was reached by a process of spiritual selection, the disciples learning perspective only by experience. In one sense the story of Jesus Christ is the least complete history in literature; in another, and in the best sense, it is so perfect that had we a less abridged and a more prolix record we would be poorer instead of richer. With that incomparable delicacy of touch which is found everywhere in Christ's dealing with men, and with that reverence for the human character which made Him far more hesitant in the imposition of commandments than any other leader of men, He has given us the opportunity of faith,—and what is comparable with it! Having spoken words that were in tune with human appetites and human aspirations, He was content to bide His time and to wait for the flowering season of the seed that He had sown. History justifies both principle and method. The Church has never suffered through her zeal for expansion, and she never responds to mere mandatory decrees or false stimulation. Experience soon showed that Christian

vitality is best preserved and developed by imparting it through an ever widening series of concentric circles,—Jerusalem, Judea, Samaria, the world.

At first it would have been disastrous to have allowed any intense local or national expression of organic Christianity. Breadth had to come before depth. The controlling spirit had to be that which made for universal brotherhood and transcended the artificial fences of custom and tradition, race and colour. S. Paul's fight with Judaistic Christianity was not against the right of the chosen people to have a form of Christianity coloured by their past and moulded along the lines of their temperamental peculiarities. It was their claim to force their interpretation upon the world and to admit the Gentiles into the Church only through a Jewish gate, that called forth his declaration of the Catholicity of Christianity in letter after letter. In the ideal which the Roman Empire had set for itself lay the hope of Christianity. Its principle was imperial rather than national: it stood for political brotherhood, as the Church stood for absolute brotherhood. By the evangelization of Rome Christianity was saved from becoming a conglomeration of societies with differing, if not antagonistic, Scriptures and polity. Catholic Christianity must precede National Christianity, and in the early centuries Rome was a true guardian of the national churches,

guiding and restraining them during the period of their minority.

Had England been left to the mercy of the local British Church and not caught in the grand sweep of that which Roman Christianity stood for, it would have fared ill with her. S. Augustine's dealings with the Welsh bishops may not have been conducted with gentleness, but the times were not ripe for independence in custom, which the sturdy Britons demanded, and, if they could have but realized it, they needed to be under the tutelage of Rome for a season. In order that the local conception might ultimately live and thrive, it was essential that for the moment the imperial conception should swamp the local.

For a similar reason it is good that Japan has been, and yet is, in her church life a dependency of Western Christendom. With her intense national feeling it is conceivable that breadth of vision might be forfeited if her leading strings were cut too soon and she were set free to found an autonomous ecclesiastical establishment. The principle is one that can never be set aside,—breadth in the Christian ideal precedes depth.

III

In one respect at any rate the Church of Rome has always remained loyal to her early vision, and is the most aspiring missionary church in the world. She has

never abated her purpose to touch the uttermost part of the earth with truth as she understands it. The traveller can hardly find a country on the face of the globe where her priests have not reared their altars. We may not trust her system, believe in her theology, or admire her methods; but she commands, and we must give her, our respect as being true to the missionary trust in its widest reaches. You remember Macaulay's glowing eulogy of Rome's greatness:[1] "The Papacy remains, not in decay, not a mere antique, but full of life and youthful vigour. The Catholic Church is still sending forth to the farthest ends of the world missionaries as zealous as those who landed in Kent with Augustine, and still confronting hostile kings with the same spirit with which she confronted Attila. The number of her children is greater than in any former age. Her acquisitions in the New World have more than compensated her for what she has lost in the Old. Her spiritual ascendency extends over the vast countries which lie between the plains of the Missouri and Cape Horn,—countries which, a century hence, may not improbably contain a population as large as that which now inhabits Europe. The members of her communion are certainly not fewer than a hundred and fifty millions; and it will be difficult to show that all the other Christian sects united amount

[1] *Essays: Von Ranke* (1840).

to a hundred and twenty millions. Nor do we see any sign which indicates that the term of her long dominion is approaching. She saw the commencements of all the governments and of all the ecclesiastical establishments that now exist in the world; and we feel no assurance that she is not destined to see the end of them all. She was great and respected before the Saxon had set foot on Britain, before the Frank had passed the Rhine, when Grecian eloquence still flourished in Antioch, when idols were still worshipped in the temple of Mecca. And she may still exist in undiminished vigour when some traveller from New Zealand shall, in the midst of a vast solitude, take his stand on a broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of S. Paul's."

But all explanations of the wonderful vitality of Roman Catholicism to which this quotation points—superior zeal, close unity, highly developed organization, splendid polity—are incomplete unless missionary spirit is included. This is at once the product and the cause of her abundant life. Her mission is to the world, a consciousness that she never relinquishes for a moment of time. The church that rivals her in this feature of her character cannot fail to rival her in vitality. On the other hand, the unventuresome society, be its lineage never so high, its doctrine never so pure, its morals never so blameless, is doomed to

a weak pulse and a languishing existence in proportion as it obscures or mutilates the missionary vision.

Protestantism was too engrossed in the development of national churches during its infancy to give much heed to larger interests. But wherever a Protestant organization has exhibited missionary enterprise the inevitable result may be traced in its home life. Methodism has had increasing breadth of vision from its beginning, and it took its origin in missionary zeal. No one can question its vitality. The reflex effect on the Presbyterians of Canada from the heroic faith of Mackay in Formosa, and on the Baptists in America from the dauntless spirit of Adoniram Judson in Burma, is a historic fact, further illustrative of the vitalizing influence far and near of adventure for God.

The prospects of Japanese Christianity form an interesting subject for speculation. In its organized form to-day it is at best but a feeble thing relative to its possibilities; but it gives indications of the true spirit. Just as Jerusalem sent forth its Apostolic wealth for the benefit of the world, just as the mission Church of Syrian Antioch made a gift to Asia Minor and to Rome of S. Paul, so less than half a century after the planting of Christianity in Japan, one portion of the Japanese Church sends its representatives to its new possession of Formosa. The poor and pathetic surroundings of the mission in Tai-ho-ku rise before me. The

small and meagrely furnished chapel in the narrow Chinese street; the eager, yellow faces of those gathered for worship; the earnest missionary and his devoted wife—all speak in eloquent terms of the expansive power of the Christian life. The Spirit of God, stirring in the hearts of Christians at home, left them restless until their representatives had gone with their prayers and small but consecrated gifts to carry the Church's truths to the "beautiful isle." Need I say that a church that early makes adventure of faith like this has a future—its vitality is insured to it.

The Anglican communion after the Reformation was strangely remiss in realizing its missionary responsibility. At the beginning of the eighteenth century "there were not a score of clergymen of the English Church ministering out of this country [England]; nor was nonconformity more fully represented."[1] Her first foreign mission was founded in 1701. There was not even a bishop for English-speaking people outside of England in a British colony until as late as 1787, when one was consecrated for Nova Scotia, and six years later, another for Quebec.

The Englishman is not missionary by temperament, so that it is all the more to the credit of his Church that in two centuries she has developed world-wide missions. But the beginnings were different from those,

[1] Tucker's *English Church in Other Lands*, p. 19.

for example, of Spain. The Spanish colonized to Christianize, the English to trade. Bacon's judgement is sadly true. "It cannot be affirmed, if one speak ingenuously, that it was the propagation of the Christian faith that was the adamant of that discovery, entry, and plantation, but gold and silver and temporal profit and glory; so that what was first in God's providence was but second in man's appetite and intention." When at length the Church of England began to move she had not her eyes on the uttermost part of the earth. She merely followed along the line of commerce and colonization.[1] Fear was expressed even in this connection lest trade should suffer from the introduction of Christianity into India. These facts are worthy of mention only by way of contrast with that zeal, generosity and faith which to-day places the Church of England among the foremost missionary churches of Christendom. It is worthy of note that her vitality at home

[1] I cannot agree with Dr. Walpole (*Vital Religion*, pp. 158 ff.), where he advocates on prudential grounds the restriction of Anglican missions to Anglican colonies. (1) The plea of economy is insufficient, for England is well able to afford abundant support for all the missions she has and more. The trouble is not that too much, but too little is expected of her. (2) The indigenous religion of a country seems to me to be always an adequate preparation and foundation for Christianity in its essence, though not, perhaps, for the Anglican conception and embodiment of the Church. Frequently, however, the early missionaries can do nothing more than a sort of John Baptist work for a generation, which has been the case in parts of India under the British flag.

has risen coterminously with her growing policy of spiritual expansion.

Viewed from one angle missionary adventure is not self-sacrifice for the good of others, but a phase of self-protection. Unexpansive religion is dying religion. Nor am I doing an injustice to the Old Catholic movement in Europe when I express the fear that its death knell will shortly be sounded if it continues to abide in a self-centred life.[1] Especially is it true of the Jansenists in Holland. The Church there holds itself aloof in a spirit of aristocratic exclusiveness. Up to the present her leaders have been so cautious regarding their interpretation of Catholic lineage that they have blinded their eyes to a degree that makes them unable to distinguish the true thing when it is placed before them. Estranged from Vaticanism by a historical break in the past, they are in danger, on the one hand, of academic intolerance of the Papacy which assumes no adequate shape in active life, and reabsorption into the Church of Rome, on the other hand, because of a lack of sufficient vitality to withstand the pressure of the Papacy which moves with the weight and the certainty of a glacier upon all that lies near its base. Catholicity may require that a Church should touch with her life the utmost bounds

[1] The Swiss Church, under the wise and energetic leadership of Bishop Herzog, does not belong under this heading.

of history, but it is equally incumbent upon her, and equally a mark of her lineage, that she should touch the uttermost part of the earth.

Again, when we look at a Christian philosophy, such, for instance, as finds embodiment in Unitarianism, while some of us may not care to deny its claim to call itself Christian because its adherents cannot bow the knee to Jesus Christ as being God Incarnate, we find it hard to understand how it cares to lay any claim to being Christian, because of its non-expansive character. A religion must be either universal or local, there being, of course, varying degrees of local limitations, and Unitarianism has declared itself to be local, whereas Christianity is universal. To the observer modern Unitarianism appears to be amiably tolerant of anything that bears the name of religion, excepting, perhaps, historic Christianity. Were it to prevail, the result would be the withdrawal of all missionary forces, and eventually the extinction of itself and every religious faith that it dominated. It puts forth no missionary effort, and it is gradually fading into an idea without an embodiment. Its non-expansive character is fatal to its permanence.

It is necessary for us to know all this, and to dwell upon it, in order that we may realize how natural a thing missionary work is, how unnatural its absence; how it is not a straining on the part of an ambitious

spiritual kingdom to number among its multitudes untouched nations for the sake of magnitude, but the radiant development of a life that lives only so long as it expands.

IV

THE *terminus ad quem* of this discussion is immediate, personal and practical. I am not willing to state general principles without applying them. If I say that human life to be effective should have a broad vision as well as clear, I mean that you whom I address should consider this as a necessary part of your own experience; if I lay it down as an axiom that an absence of missionary venture is a cause as well as a symptom of low vitality in a church, and conversely that expansion is rewarded with renewed vigour, I mean that a high degree of vitality in our own communion hinges upon the earnestness with which you gird yourselves to touch the uttermost part of the earth. It is you who must be filled with a profound conviction that the expansive power of Christianity is inherent and not due to a command; in other words, that the Christian tree does not grow because it is bidden, but because it is a tree. I have been dealing, not with a moment of history which is dissociated from the present, but with typical events which illustrate the principles that rule the ages.

You who are anticipating a life in the ministry must have it as your first determination, not merely to be sympathetic with all the actual work of the Christian Church, but to open your soul to the missionary appeal of Christ as it applies to the modern world. Your interest in missions may not be formal, but must be profound and permanent. If you are not moved by the impulse now, there is something seriously amiss in the fundamental principles which actuate your life. On the other hand, if the missionary motive and missionary hope thrill you to-day, you must be prepared to be thrilled even more to-morrow, until your enthusiasm rises into a passion, and your passion into a reasoned devotion that will set no limits to what you are willing to do for the kingdom of God. Upon this depends your power to minister effectively in the little country church where perchance your lot may be cast. A view of the entire landscape must precede the planting of a single garden. If a vision of the Church Catholic precedes a vision of the parish, the parish will become what it should be, the Church Catholic in miniature. It is one of the disadvantages of a national church that her children's imagination is apt to be shut in by a close horizon, whereas the Church of Rome treats the world as her heritage, and it is the earliest lesson learned by her votaries.

It has sometimes been urged that the American Church, in that she has the ends of the earth at her door, owing to the generous hospitality with which she welcomes the sons of every nation (except the Chinese), is not called upon to make the same adventure abroad as other churches. But assimilation is not expansion, whereas both are necessary to healthy life.[1] It would be silly to advocate that every national church should aim to send missionaries to every heathen country. Just where each can best make far-off ventures of faith is a matter usually decided by indications that seldom seem to leave room for doubt, and which are *born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God.*

Not every one is called to go abroad, though the possibility ought to lie before every candidate for holy orders as a matter for serious consideration. The stronger and abler a man is, the higher the probability that he may be chosen to follow in the footsteps of S. Paul, S. Augustine, Selwyn, Hannington and Ingle. The best material should go to supply the greatest need, the largest ability to the most perplexing difficulty. It is but a normal occurrence when a capable man, who would be powerful in any com-

[1] Bacon, in his essay on *Kingdoms and Estates*, points out that Rome because she was apt in assimilation acquired a genius for colonization. "All states that are liberal of naturalization toward strangers are fit for empire."

munity and would hold his own in a metropolitan church, goes into the missionary field, domestic or foreign. I wish it were possible, even though all clergy may not permanently surrender their lives to missionary work in foreign lands, that no man were allowed to enter his more circumscribed task in parochial duties at home without having had the discipline and inspiration of a term of service abroad. It would do for his Christian life what a sojourn in Europe after the completion of education does for business and professional men.

It is not, I trust, a suggestion of Quixotic character that after ten years of successful experience there would be no waste and no jar to spiritual interests at home if a pastor, while on the crest of the wave, were to resign his post and turn his attention to the greatest need of the moment, wherever it might be. Am I not right in thinking that some of our nominal Christians require the wholesome neglect which S. Paul meted out to the Jews after he had laboured with them in vain? Far be it from my mind to speak slightingly of that great body of devout men and women who make some of the parishes of our larger cities strongholds of faith and an inspiration to all who are familiar with their life and working. But it is to the conventional Christians that I refer, who do not know the value of pastoral oversight and the in-

spiration of a high quality of prophetic utterance, because they have never been deprived of it. The gifts that we can most readily lay our hands upon are the gifts that we are most inclined to undervalue. *It is expedient for you that I go away.*

The lot of the missionary is cast in a fair ground and he has a goodly heritage. He asks no commiseration or sentimental applause when he goes on his adventure. I have known those who, having felt themselves called to distant labours, have been compelled by merciless obligations to abandon their chosen path, —sometimes because of ill health, sometimes because of less painful but quite as imperative claims. When the blow came it was a crushing one. The satisfaction with their lot was such that even the going to a pleasant spot in a pleasant land was no compensation for their inability to continue to witness for Christ in a far-off field. It is obvious that there is no special heroism in going on the Apostolic errand, and leaving home and kindred. It is a joy, and the compensation far exceeds the sacrifice. It grandly illustrates the fact that in its final form the Christian life is not a life of renunciation, but a life of consecration, — a life that means giving up only in so far as giving up is giving upward,—giving upward of the whole self, its gifts, its present and its future. It is the life of courageous freedom, the life of security in peril, the life of abun-

dance in the midst of want, the life of peace in the midst of care, the life of large fellowship in the heart's loneliness. To the missionary who has gone where Christ has bidden the earth is a very small sphere. It is no longer a marvel to him that God can hold it in the hollow of His hand. Let none dare pity the missionary; for that man stands exultant, with the emblem of his vocation bound to his brow as a monarch wears a diadem.

Though it is possible that any one may be called to go, it is certain that all are called to see. Many people to-day are dying morally and spiritually because their sole conception of Christianity is that miserable self-saving creed which has made Christianity sometimes an object of contempt in the minds of non-Christians who have a broad vision of life and service. Man, by virtue of his manhood, needs the most exalted ideals, the most enterprising tasks, the most extended vision. One cause of low spiritual vitality is not that there is a failure on the part of pastors to build up the people committed to their charge in formal theology or in practical righteousness, but that the whole ideal of Christian revelation and adventure is not presented by men who themselves have been caught in the arms of the vision. The cry for funds, the machinery to secure them, are not only necessary but important; but I wish it were possible, for a year or so, to say not so

much as a word about the need of money, and to spend the entire time in giving men the privilege of knowing the breadth of Christian work, and in teaching them how each separate life in catching the Apostolic missionary ideal will attain that joy and power which is our Christian heritage. Arguing from duty or mere authority is always precarious, especially in our day when the search for truth is probably more spiritual and less dependent on bare organization than ever before in Christian history. One always has to guard his statements, and I do not wish to be understood as in any sense depreciating the grandeur of duty. Illumination and inspiration sometimes best come in the process of fulfilling an obligation couched in terms of categorical imperative.

Were I to follow my impulses, so far as practical missionary work is concerned, I would turn the attention of the people at home to the least successful missions, merely to assert my faith in the certainty of their ultimate success. "Nothing succeeds like success," and in an age in which there is so much of a passion for statistical results, spiritual interests are frequently injured by a misapplication of this fine proverb that means, *to him that hath shall it be given.* In the illumination and the glad assurance of our ideal, we need to turn our most potent forces on the most manifest weakness visible. If it be argued against

the placing of this ideal insistently before men that some natures are incapable of broad vision, I indignantly repudiate it as an insult to a humanity that has been caught in the tide of Christ's redeeming power. A broad and exalted conception of duty never yet injured a man, never narrowed his immediate responsibilities. Spiritual obligations never broke a character, and without them no character has ever been made.

I speak about adventure for God in the terms I do with the consciousness that the signs of the times are full of hope. It is unique and inspiriting that in the heat of a political campaign the President of this Republic should call men to confer with him regarding a missionary opportunity in a non-Christian land which it seemed to him should be seized. This was irrespective of any sectional or denominational thought, and showed in its features that divine light which shines forth from every life that has the true Apostolic conception of Christ's commission.

When the highest post of honour in a leading school for girls is the presidency of the missionary society, and when the head master of a great school for boys publicly proclaims that he would rather see one of his pupils a foreign missionary than in the Presidential chair, surely the vision of adventure for God is a living force in our midst!

LECTURE II

THE APPEAL

Then Sir Galahad came unto a mountain, where he found an old chapel, and found there nobody, for all was desolate, and there he kneeled tofore the altar, and besought God of wholesome counsel. So, as he prayed, he heard a voice that said, Go thou now, thou adventurous knight, to the Castle of the Maidens, and there do thou away the wicked customs.

IN insisting that we must bathe ourselves in the Apostolic vision without narrowing its horizon or abating its thoroughness, I am not plunging into reckless and idealistic altruism, but am advocating the preservation and promotion of home interests. In our enthusiasm we have not wandered away from the reasonableness of the second commandment of love which restricts the degree of love we can give to others. We are hindered from loving others better than ourselves, and so losing our hold on the processes of self-improvement, by being told that our love for our neighbour must have for its index and measure the love of self,—*thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.*

An excess of love for others is more often exhibited in the destructive forces of indulgence—as, for example, of parents for children—than in reckless forms of self-sacrifice. It is a question in my mind whether indulgence is after all an illustration of excess of

altruism and not rather a practical exposition of the fact that we not only may but must love our neighbour as ourselves — in manner at least. Indulgent love is most often if not always the love of the self-indulgent and undisciplined, and it is as destructive of others as of self. He who is indifferent to the quality of his own character is equally indifferent to that of his neighbour. The well-fed self-pleaser is prone to think of charity as consisting of gifts of food. On the other hand, the man who has a firm hold on Christian privilege is moved to give to the limit, in depth and breadth, of that which he possesses. In short, he who lives loves because he lives. That which remains to be determined is the direction, the quality and the measure of love. The Christian ideally loves as high as God and as widely as the boundaries of humanity.

Nor is insistence on the need of inner vision an over-valuation of subjectivity. Until recently environment was accused of being responsible for horrible crimes. The charge is wholly true if under the word environment are grouped subjective and inner forces, but only partially true if confined to physical surroundings and the evil influences of heredity. A biologist who, amid all the advantages society can contribute toward his welfare and efficiency, can see no farther than the tail of a bacillus is a prisoner of

theory. Whereas the laundry-girl who finds a joy "in helping people to be clean," and who in imagination fills with singing birds and the fragrance of spring the mean alleys that conduct her to her daily toil, though she die a death induced by undue hardship, will go singing her way into the hearts of men and lending vitality to others when the violets are growing over her ashes.[1]

A broad vision, together with an armful of tasks, is the best solvent for doubts. Honest thinking is necessary, but logic never has been, and never will be, the sole guardian of truth. Logic gives a conviction that we can carry, but not one that will carry us. When, however, we are caught in the vision of the Church in her ideal completeness, and in her daring venturesomeness for God, the corporate faith becomes individual faith, and bears us in its arms with the gentleness and firmness of a mother clasping her babe.

[1] "'My beautiful places'—it was Katie, speaking dreamily—'are all in me mind. My mother, she talks to me of Ireland, of the green hills of St. Columbkill she talks, of the rings of the Good People. I've never seen them, but I see them in me mind, and many other things. When I walk down Durham Street every morning to the laundry, I pretend the train-yards are hedgerows, with the May on them, like she tells, and the sounds of the carts is brooks a-running, and the cars is wind in the trees, and I have a real pleasant walk.'" VIDA D. SCUDDER, *A Listener in Babel*, p. 228.

There is a woman of Gospel story whose imaginative action gave her immortality (*S. Matt.* xxvi, 6 ff.).

Before going on to consider the next division of our subject I wish to guard myself from the implication that I am instituting a comparison between the commonplace and the romantic,—work at home and work abroad,—to the disadvantage of the former. A modern poem[1] speaks my mind regarding true greatness. Heroes are

> *Not always, nor alone, the lives that search*
> *How they may snatch a glory out of heaven*
> *Or add a height to Babel; oftener they*
> *That in the still fulfilment of each day's*
> *Pacific order hold great deeds in leash,*
> *That in the sober sheath of tranquil tasks*
> *Hide the attempered blade of high emprise.*

Their vision transfigures their sombre career and makes it a glory. The pathos of such a life as that of Charles Lamb is lost in its highly tempered splendour. Denying satisfaction to the adventurous impatience of youth to walk abroad with unfettered tread and to give free play to such holy love as might encompass him, he sits down in the gloom of his half, and sometimes wholly, mad sister to brighten it, and through it the shadows of a world, with humour incomparable.

The missionary who goes to darkest Africa is superior in no wise to the missionary who abides at home,

[1] *A Torchbearer*, by Edith Wharton.

provided both have the Church's vision. "Not once . . . have I thought the foreign claims superior to the home, or honoured the foreign missionary above his equally heroic and equally faithful brother who toils in the obscurity of a broken-down village. . . . It is not for me — it is not for any foreign missionary — to look loftily on the ministry at home, or think of them as less loyal, unselfish, and true. We are all missionaries, the *sent* ones of the King; and not our fields, but our faithfulness, matters."[1] But the Church must have both the one and the other before she can go swinging through time like the triumphant force she was ordained to be by her Leader. We need to realize the largeness of a small work as well as the smallness of a great work, in order that on the one hand we may do least things grandly, and on the other, grand things humbly.

The promise to Christ[2] that the heathen were to be for His inheritance, and the utmost parts of the earth for His possession, through Him becomes a promise to His followers who learn the art of seeing far — to the most obscure pastor and to the humblest communicant.

I

Visions from on high require to be supplemented by appeals from beneath. It is at the meeting point of

[1] *From Far Formosa*, pp. 16, 17.

[2] *Psalms* ii, 8.

the two that purpose runs into achievement, the ideal into the actual and practical.

When the Apostles started out, like Abraham they had nothing but naked faith to guide them. Unwonted impulses moved them, but they were as children learning to walk. New life stirred in them, but it was too abundant for their surroundings, and they did not know how best to use it. They were cramped by their Jewish training, which had taught them to despise the nations of the world, or at best to tolerate them. They had yet to learn that God *hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth.* Possibly the missionary commission was for the moment lost or obscured in the wealth of knowledge which in a brief space had become theirs. By degrees the enduring incidents of the evangelical record sorted themselves out, until in the narrative-preaching of the Apostles it assumed its true place, so that finally in the written page it was enthroned at the summit of each synoptic story,[1] bursting into a shower of promise on the threshold of the Church's annals.[2] They began to understand what at first perhaps was a dark saying only when appeals came from men for such aid as the Christian body knew it was competent to supply. At the beginning they were

[1] *S. Matt.* xviii, 18 ff.; *S. Mark* xvi, 15; *S. Luke* xxiv, 48, 49.
[2] *Acts* i, 8.

hampered by the ingrained conviction that the Gentile was religiously a lower order of being than the Jew. That God did not look on the Gentile with full favour was the Jewish way of expressing the idea that the Gentile lacked capacity for truth in its highest form. To go and preach the Gospel among the nations would seem like undertaking to teach a blind person to paint. It was a lesson that had to be learned by degrees, that the "soul is naturally Christian," that *there can be neither Jew nor Greek, there can be neither bond nor free, there can be no male and female:* for that *all are one man in Christ Jesus.*[1]

They were quite right to proceed cautiously until they arrived at this conviction. We are not precipitately to conclude that because we possess and enjoy a good thing it is necessarily to be forced upon others without invitation or some sign on their part. The reverse side of God's will as expressed within is God's will as expressed without. Christ's command to go to the nations required a sign from them to confirm it. Obvious need is always both an indication of an unsatisfied appetite and an unused or partially used capacity. To a nature that is at once sympathetic and practical the recognition of a need is a challenge to minister to it, a request for practical compassion. It was one of the finest features of the life of Jesus that

[1] *Gal.* iii, 28.

in delicate ways He was governed by this principle. Seeing His friends "distressed in rowing" during a bit of rough weather, He moved to their relief.[1] The tears of a grieving and bereft woman were a strong enough appeal to bring forth His first self-manifestation after His resurrection. A mother's love sees in her crying babe all the invitation that is necessary to draw her to its side.

The greatest reformers have not undertaken their task by commandment, or by a request that every one is competent to read. In most instances they have had to do a work of interpretation. The suffering world speaks in a language that the sympathetic alone can understand, and then only after hard study. Where other people hear a cry of distress which says, "I am in need," strong compassion hears a voice which begs for aid: "It is you who can best minister to me. Your wisdom and strength can succour me." Often it is the true beginning of life when aching pity is roused to the consciousness that it can be transformed into saving activity. John Howard was a valetudinarian and neurotic, a burden to himself and his friends, until his duties as sheriff put him where he could interpret the cry of the prisoner as meaning that he was ordained of God to bring humaneness into the convict and criminal life of Europe. William Wilberforce, in

[1] *S. Mark* vi, 48.

the plaintive voices that called across the seas from his family estates, distinguished that which his father had missed, and became the emancipator of the enslaved blacks of Great Britain. Our own brave Dorothea Dix bade fair to slip in early life into a consumptive's grave, until she looked beneath the surface of the lives of the insane, and perceived her vocation written in unmistakable terms. Their piteousness was the opportunity her compassionate nature was awaiting before it could ripen into that indefatigable beneficence which rested a loving hand on the mental sufferers of two continents. Vision and appeal met together, compassion and distress kissed one another, and forthwith confusion felt the compelling hand of order laid upon its heaving bosom.

II

The Apostles gradually grew into the consciousness of the practical value of their vision. Though occupied in looking upward, they did not forget to keep an ear to the ground for the voice of God speaking through humanity. They signalized the beginning of their career by being practical. If the diaconate originated in an eleemosynary dispute, for that reason it was none the less, but in my judgement all the more, divine. And the same may be said of the establishment of episcopacy rising out of a simple need in the develop-

ment of organization. The orderly processes by which God reaches His purposes are a witness to His personal superintendence in human affairs. Mysteriousness is an aid to belief in the lower stages of human evolution; in the higher, intelligibleness is sought for and expected because we men of reason are made in the image of God and endowed with understanding that is different from God's not in quality, but only in degree. Consequently in some of the strange things which formerly were set aside as being insoluble puzzles we are beginning to discern a system and order, a history of action and reaction, which go to enhance and not detract from the beauty of each incident. An explicable miracle is just as holy, just as much the work of God, as an inexplicable one. In essence both are alike.

Among the earliest indications of broad progress occurs the incident of Philip and the eunuch.[1] The narrative is replete with grace and poetry. Were it translated into the language of modern psychists it would be illuminated by the lightning of telepathy striking across space after the manner of wireless telegraphy. Nor do I see any objection to such an explanation provided it does not stop at that and preclude thoughts that are deeper, though not less intelligible.

[1] *Acts* viii.

The compassionate soul of Philip, equipped for work, sensitive in high degree to the least claim upon him, was in a condition to feel, even at a distance, the spiritual upheaval that was going on in the mind of the perplexed eunuch; just as the seismograph of a Philippine observatory records promptly an earthquake in distant India. The treasurer of Candace, with splendid courage but with mystified mind, feeling his way into the rare atmosphere of Heaven, with naught but an uninterpreted Scripture in his hand, touched the distant evangelist, who was led by the power of the Spirit into his presence. Need was calling to efficiency, and the unifying Spirit of God fitted each to the other. In a book of sweet *Sing-Song* rhymes by Christina Rossetti is the picture of a nurse offering over a grave an infant to a mourning mother just bereft of her little one. Underneath is the verse:

Motherless baby and babyless mother—
Bring them together to love one another,—

a parable teaching how God draws deep to deep. Just as the poetess in intention and imaginative effort brings together the needy and the succourer, so does God by an angel—or by telepathy, if you please: it is of no importance—intimate to the strong man where his strength may be most effectively used. If proficient sympathy has a keen ear, unconquered woe

has a loud wail. The life-saving corps on the shore is always on the alert for signals of distress from the storm-swept sea, and understands the rockets flung skyward by perishing mariners. The Man of Sorrows, living in the sorrowers of to-day, calls to the Man of Practical Compassion, living in the faithful servant of His Church. Nor does He call in vain. Space does not prevent spiritual communication through a language other than that of the spoken word.

Again, the vision of S. Peter was the necessary complement of the vision of Cornelius.[1] Separated by the distance between Joppa and Caesarea, they were energized by the same Spirit, so that soul touched soul, and each gave knowledge to the other before they met in the flesh. Just as there was a seeking for Christ by the Oriental sages, as well as a seeking for the sages by Christ, so there was a seeking for the Church by the Gentiles before there was a seeking for the Gentiles by the Church.

Perhaps the clearest instance of this principle occurs in the history of S. Paul.[2] The Apostle was making his way toward Bithynia, but the Spirit of Jesus suffered him not. A wail of distress floated across the Hellespont. It was a very commonplace dream, that of the man of Macedonia; it might be traced to the influence on S. Paul's sleeping thoughts of

[1] *Acts* x. [2] *Acts* xvi.

a conversation about the needs of Philippi held during the day. But *when he had seen the vision, straightway we sought to go forth into Macedonia, concluding that God had called us for to preach the gospel unto them.*[1] Beneath the commonplace features of the incident, the Apostle's sensitive nature discerned God's invitation issuing through the dream lips of a Macedonian.

So much for the illustrative instances from the Bible, which is the book of universal experience and finds the confirmation of its veracity in ordinary history, to which we shall now give our attention. At any moment of the Church's life when a strong missionary impulse has been manifested, it has been due to the fact, not that some spiritual genius has been stirred by a mere subjective vision and tried to share his experience with others, but that the emotions and cravings of people groping after God have made themselves felt in the tender places in the Church's heart. The story of Gregory the Great and the fair-haired Angles, which eventuated in the mission of Augustine, is but the story of S. Paul and the Macedonians in new setting.

In the latter part of the eighteenth century Great Britain's interest in India was purely commercial. Protestantism was hardly represented there, what

[1] *Acts* xvi, 10.

there was being of Danish origin, though the Roman Catholics had long been doing good work. When the Baptist Carey declared his conviction that India was stretching out its hands for aid, he met with nothing but discouragement, not the least being, that from among his own co-religionists came the remark that if God wished to convert India He could do it without their aid. Though Carey had passed middle life he had not forfeited the privilege of the pure in heart to see visions. His listening ear, too, had caught the sound of low pleading from the purlieus of the Zenana and of loud protestation against the hideousness of Suttee. At first he alone of his fellows saw and heard. It was the case of Philip and the eunuch over again, and the Spirit of the Lord led the evangelist *toward the south unto the way that goeth down from* England to India.

Coming up higher still into our own times, the experience of Mackay of Formosa reads like a story of the days of S. Peter and S. Paul. Mackay had always had the missionary vision and purpose. It was his whole life. He awaited a definite beckoning from God which would declare the place prepared in the divine counsels for his labours. For a long time he waited in uncertainty, but at length his Church bade him gird himself for the journey to China. And when he *had come over against* Quang Tung he as-

sayed to go into the Swatow district; and *the Spirit of Jesus suffered* him not. "There were strong inducements presented in favour of settling in the Swatow district, but I resolved first to see Formosa. . . . I had no plans, but invisible cords were drawing me to the 'Beautiful Isle.'" A few weeks later on, "there came to me a calm, clear, prophetic assurance that here would be my home, and Something said to me, 'This is the land.'"[1]

It would be easy to multiply illustrations, but one more must suffice. A few years ago a young clergyman of the Church of England, whose life was full of practical sympathy with those servants of commerce who man the merchant marine, heard the moan of the exploited and abused sailor in a distant American city. Equipped with nothing but a vision and an appeal he went, and though San Francisco is not as yet such a port as one expects to enter through a Golden Gate, the comparison between what it is and what it was tells afresh the story of the certain success of adventure for God.[2]

[1] *From Far Formosa.*

[2] A double call is required to determine the missionary vocation, — that which comes from within, and that which comes from the Church. This has been so from earliest times. A man does not become a priest because he feels an inward call. The corporate body has to determine whether or not the call is from God. It is not less the case in connection with missionary enterprise. The final decision as to qualifications rests with the

III

THE appeal to the missionary expresses itself in a two-fold way: in intuitive religiousness, and in readiness to hear. In the case of both the eunuch and Cornelius there was natural devoutness and reaching after God, as well as attentiveness to what their preceptors had to say when they were sent. The term Natural Religion, though it has a special meaning, implies that it is natural to all men to be religious, that capacity for religion is inherent in human life. Not that in some cases there is not such ignorance, obtuseness, perversion, as to give the appearance of an absence of the religious faculty. There are instances, as in the case of cataract, where the power of vision is veiled and calls for something akin to surgery before the faculty is in a position to be used. Even among the most refined characters and developed intellects a common endowment of manhood can be so abused or neglected as to cease to execute its function: as with Dean Stanley, who buried his aesthetic sense beneath historicity in such a way that in later life the grandest scenery suggested historic associations, or nothing;

Church. It should be noted in such cases as those quoted above that the fitness for the work had long since been decided upon by authoritative voices; it was merely the sphere in which the vocation was to be pursued that required to be determined. The Church has learned by experience that she cannot afford to employ in her missionary ventures persons without training.

or as with Darwin, whose capacity for worship died, by his own confession, of malnutrition. Whatever interest there may be in the study of those abnormalities in which the religious sense is dead or gone to decay, the fact remains that there is no race, no nation, no tribe, in which at least the seed of religiousness does not live.

Even Herbert Spencer points out the universality of the religious capacity, while denying that it affords any presumptive evidence in favour of the divine content of religion. "Religious ideas of one kind or other are almost universal. Admitting that in many places there are tribes who have no theory of creation, no word for deity, no propitiatory acts, no idea of another life — admitting that only when a certain phase of intelligence is reached, do the most rudimentary of such theories make their appearance, the implication is practically the same. Grant that among all races who have passed a certain stage of intellectual development, there are found vague notions concerning the origin and hidden nature of surrounding things, and there arises the inference that such notions are necessary products of progressing intelligence. Their endless variety serves but to strengthen this conclusion, showing as it does a more or less independent genesis—showing how, in different places and times, like conditions have led to similar trains

of thought, ending in analogous results. That these countless different, and yet allied, phenomena, presented by all religions, are accidental or factitious is an untenable supposition. . . . The universality of religious ideas, their independent evolution among different primitive races, and their great vitality unite in showing that their source must be deep-seated instead of superficial."[1]

It is one of the glad surprises of evolution, distinguishable equally in nature and religion, that an ugly seed sprouts into a comely plant. Prophecy, viewed from the side of the prophet, is a looking into a seed valuable only as having capacity for growth, and reading its destiny; it moves from crudeness to perfection, from ungainliness to beauty. The priest at the Jewish altar saw in the sacrifice before him beauty by anticipation. We, on the other hand, looking backward, roll up the developed plant into its original covering, and that which was to them of old time a glimpse of the one all-availing self-oblation of the Saviour of the world is to us a revolting scene of butchery. We forget its horrors only so far as we stand between the reality and the shadow.

Even in a heathen land to-day where the religion that prevails is crude and cruel, we have something to learn beyond the fact that the natives have religious

[1] *First Principles*, pp. 13, 14.

capacity. Beneath their rites and superstitions are possibilities waiting fulfilment. The substance of religion, whatever the religion be, always bears an affinity, however slender, to Christianity, which is the fulfilment of each religion and all religion. The religious sense is fed only by realities, and every religion lives by virtue of its underlying truth and not by virtue of the fascination of its error. A superstition is sometimes the distortion of a religious fact, sometimes a normal stage in religious growth through which men must pass before they can touch the higher points of inner culture—in short the beliefs of to-day frequently fade into the superstitions of to-morrow. But a distortion bears witness to the symmetry upon which it has laid rude hands, just as imperfect development does to degrees of progress lying in the future. After all, I do not see much to choose in point of attraction between the sacrifice of a chicken at the time of rice-planting by an Igorrote, and the Jewish ceremonies which called for the immersion of a living bird in the blood of one newly slain in connection with the cleansing of a leper.[1] On the other hand, from both alike ascends the aroma of devotion, the yearning of the unfulfilled for fulfilment; in both may be seen men searching for Christ and the truth, and reaching out their hands to Him and to His Church for knowledge and succour.

[1] *Lev.* xiv.

Only the man with a vision can discern an appeal in the lower stages of religious development. Spiritual things are spiritually discerned, and in conditions which conveyed no suggestion of hope to an agnostic, an apostle would discover his largest opportunity. The motley crowd that were the scorn of the *illuminati* of the day were counted by Jesus worthy of companionship, and drew from His lips some of the most touching and exquisite sayings that ever moved the heart of man.[1] Among my treasured possessions is a letter from Bishop Westcott in which he says, "I have been discussing with my archdeacons and rural deans today some of the darkest problems of Durham life. Even here there is, we can feel, material which the Spirit can transfigure." The most truly hopeful man is he who takes pains to see the worst features of a situation before he throws his weight upon the side of the best; whereas expectation dependent solely on promise is pretty sure to end in disappointment if not in dismay.

The religion of Mohammed is not such as to inspire a Christian, but it creates a loyalty in its devotees that makes one pause before condemning it without reservation. That group of fanatical Moros, unloved and unloving, who asked an American general, under whose escort they were to halt the column on a certain

[1] *S. Luke* xv.

holy day, that they might offer to God that which they deemed His due, and who paid their religious debt with simplicity and earnestness,—a small band of Mohammedans amid a large command of not too devout American soldiers,—bore witness to the power of their faith Godward and the roominess of their religious faculty. Human life was made for religion, and religion was moulded to meet man's capacity, until the climbing heights of Christian truth crown all lesser peaks and gather them into its own perfection. In the strange religious vagaries of far-off peoples the missionary descries not merely religious capacity, but Christian capacity, and his lips are loosed to preach the Gospel by the sight.

IV

But in man's will as well as in his natural instincts there is a prejudice in favour not only of religion, but also of the Christian religion. Barring the deafness of part of Judaism, there was extraordinary willingness, not to say eagerness, to listen to the Apostolic preaching. The New Testament documents are descriptive of an increasing and attentive congregation; the opposition and persecution recorded are incidental, marking progress rather than indicating defeat. The same may be said of the whole course of the Church's history to the present time. Very frequently,

even when a warped character professes antagonism with his lips, his heart is paying silent homage to the truth that for the moment his will refuses to embrace. A properly trained man with the Christian message burning on his tongue will never want a sufficient hearing. In the early part of my ministry I expressed to Bishop Brooks discouragement in what seemed to him, and what afterwards proved to be, a missionary opportunity of value. He replied to the effect that "a preacher of God's truth is never without ample opportunity unless he is in a wilderness, where there is no human life to address." It is undoubtedly true that in countries that have been under Christian influences for centuries great compartments of life and activity can remain callous to Christian principles, or rest satisfied with a very loose acceptance of them, owing to the apathy that is bred of familiarity. But even here, when a true prophet arises he does not lack audience. Our age is weary to death of homiletical apologies of critical or non-critical theories, but gives quick and sustained attention to a constructive thesis built on the basis of assured critical knowledge. Three features of Christian preaching portrayed in the life of its Author and of His Apostle to the Gentiles—features which will win when all else fails—are absence of negation save by way of contrast; abundance of positive statement car-

rying with it an appeal to common sense not less than to the affections; a sparing use of denunciation. Men are as ready to listen to truth as they ever were, but are more quick to distinguish the falsetto from the natural than of yore.

It is when the missionary finds himself in the midst of peoples to whom the name of Christ is unknown that he appreciates how strong an appeal their readiness to hear constitutes. It makes the heart of the preacher eloquent, even though his tongue cannot keep pace. Here is a leaf from the notebook of a missionary, modern and wise, working among savages whose idea of Christianity until his coming consisted in a firm conviction that it was a force hostile to their traditions and unproductive of good among men of their blood. "I had in my pocket some copies of a version of the Creed, the 'Our Father,' and the substance and meaning of the Ten Commandments, which, by dint of labour, we have put together in the local dialect. So when a dozen or so of the chief men were squatting around me smoking, I produced these, and having handed around copies, by way of compliment, I proceeded to read and give such explanation as I was able with my limited knowledge of the language. Attentive my hearers were and appreciative, some of them taking up the theme of a commandment, approving and amplifying in a way that I could

not always follow, even remotely. At last there was a sober pause, and then two of them, as if simultaneously inspired, began a deep-toned chant or recitative, in minor key:

It is very good that
The Apo-Pachi[1] *of Bontoc*
Came to Tukukan
To teach the people
The Commandments of God."[2]

A few years before, in the same district, for the first time I stood before a group of heathen who had come to hear what I had to say. The scene is indelibly burned into my memory — their statuesque figures as they stood immovable, serious, with a hungry look in their eyes; the cruel barrier of language shutting me out from communication with them; a few halting words in our own tongue which to them must have been but a medley of incoherent sounds, then the calm consciousness that God had not been baffled, but had taught them something of His truth through the imperfect media placed by us at His disposal.

The interesting experiment was recently tried of sending one of our leaders[3] of Christian thought and life to give a course of lectures in the Orient on Chris-

[1] Sir-father.

[2] The Rev. W. C. Clapp, in *The Spirit of Missions.*

[3] The Rev. Charles Cuthbert Hall.

tianity. He returned all aglow with the reception with which his message had met. The Buddhist zealot of Ceylon and Japan, and the scholarly Mohammedan of India, sat at his feet appreciative of the noncontroversial truths which he presented to them, and, as he left, entreated him to come again. Probably no converts were made, but a new vista of Christ's religion was opened up and the way made easy for further ventures of like character. If all that Christianity asks for is a fair hearing, all that the Orient asks for is a fair statement, and the world of men are as ready to hear as the King's messengers are to speak. There are but two great realities in the vast universe,— the heart of God and the heart of man, and each is ever seeking the other. It is this that makes adventure for God not an experiment, but a certainty. The appeal issuing from man's abysmal need is met by the amplitude of the divine supply. It is a horror to think of facing human need — sooner or later every serious-minded man is forced to face it — without vision or vitality. The sole thing left for such a one is to break his heart across the bars of the prisoners' cage before which he stands, impotent though compassionate, and die. He might clothe himself in apathy, it is true, but it were preferable to die. God, however, requires neither tragic alternative, for He has clothed His humblest servant with power.

The Spirit of the Lord is upon me,
Because He anointed me to preach good tidings to the poor:
He hath sent me to proclaim release to the captives,
And recovering of sight to the blind,
To set at liberty them that are bruised,
To proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord.

LECTURE III

THE RESPONSE

Then Sir Galahad drew out his sword, and set upon them so hard that it was a marvel to see it, and so, through great force, he made them to forsake the field; and Galahad chased them until they entered into the castle at another gate. And there met Sir Galahad an old man, clothed in religious clothing, and said, Sir, have here the keys of this castle. Then Sir Galahad opened the gates, and saw so much people in the streets that he might not remember them, and all said, Sir, ye be welcome, for long have we abiden here our deliverance.

I

WITH the vision of an effective life, with abundant vitality clamouring for expression, and under the spell of an appeal, half dumb, half spoken, from those in need of what adventurers for God could give, these apostolic knights are prepared for action. The exact sphere that would claim them has yet to be determined.

For a moment they pause on the threshold of their old home like hounds, fresh loosed from the leash; and then, catching the scent, they speed toward their quarry. Their biographies are brief, for they quickly slip out of sight, lost in the fine oblivion of effective service.

They were not driven away by persecution—the Jerusalem church was scattered abroad, *except the*

apostles.[1] S. Paul's biography is representative, and reasoning from what we know of his career and that of S. Peter, it is fair to infer that the rest of the group were not less favoured, but like them were always guided by the Spirit in their course and identified each with some special work. The detail of legends telling whither the different Apostles went may be in error, but the residuum of truth that abides indicates that they were occupied in various national movements.

This is what Scripture would lead us to expect. Emphasis was laid by Christ, in a way that does not allow of any explanation save that of carefully conceived design, on the word "nations." To quote classic instances: *The gospel must first be preached unto all the nations.*[2] *This gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in the whole world for a testimony unto all the nations; and then shall the end come.*[3] *Thus it is written, that the Christ should suffer, and rise again from the dead the third day; and that repentance and remission of sins should be preached in his name unto all the nations, beginning from Jerusalem.*[4] *Go ye therefore, and make disciples of all the nations,*[5]—not disciples "out of" or "from;" but the nation is spoken

[1] *Acts* viii, 1.
[2] *S. Mark* xiii, 10.
[3] *S. Matt.* xxiv, 14.
[4] *S. Luke* xxiv, 46, 47.
[5] *S. Matt.* xxviii, 19; see also *S. Matt.* xxi, 43; xxiv, 9.

of as a unit, πορευθέντες οὖν μαθητεύσατε πάντα τὰ ἔθνη. S. Paul recalls prophecy: *The scripture, foreseeing that God would justify the Gentiles* (another word for "nations") *by faith, preached the gospel beforehand unto Abraham, saying, In thee shall all the nations be blessed.*[1] *The revelation of the mystery . . . now is manifested, and by the scriptures of the prophets, according to the commandment of the eternal God, is made known unto all the nations unto obedience of faith.*[2] To give one more quotation, this time from S. John: *The nations shall walk amidst the light of* (the city of God). *. . . They shall bring the glory and the honour of the nations into it.*[3]

The Jews had been prepared by the teaching of ages to look on their nation as being of divine origin and living under divine superintendence. It was shaped at its birth by God's formative hand, and throughout its history His loving interferences, consoling or disciplinary as required, ruled its progress. Always the medium of divine revelation, the nation was the Church, and the Church was the nation. Advance in national consciousness was marked by the adoption of a new name for God. *Javeh Tsebaoth* in its earliest application had reference to the armies of Israel itself, "which

[1] *Gal.* iii, 8. [2] *Rom.* xvi, 25, 26.
[3] *Rev.* xxi, 24 ff.; see also ii, 26; vii, 9; xxii, 2.

were habitually regarded as the hosts of Jehovah, marching under Him as their captain, waging war in His name."[1] Whatever else God was, He was first of all a national God.

The exalted conception of the nation entertained by the units of which it is composed indicates the value if not the divinity of national life. In early days citizenship was an unknown thing, because citizenship implies respect on the part of the state for each personality included within its bounds. Family and tribal features were more conspicuous than those of the individual, but towering above both stood the nation. Personality was valuable only so far as it contributed to the upbuilding of the commonwealth. Patriotism was the earliest conspicuous virtue, the prophets of the chosen people being their patriots. In how high esteem, how divine a structure, they held the nation to be is shown by the fact that before belief in immortality was definitely shaped, it was conceived a sufficient reward for self-sacrifice to the death that the victim should by his act have contributed something to the vitality of his nation.

The sanctity which the Jews ascribed to their race was right in essence, though wrong in its current interpretation, which conceived that theocracy stood for the isolation of one nation from the rest of the

[1] *Bampton Lectures (1897)*, p. 186.

world as being the unique instance in which there was an abiding principle of divine government.[1] Had they but been able to see it, the divine capacity of all the nations was implied in God's promise to Abraham.[2] It was a lesson hard to learn that "the principles in which Judea was formed are represented as the universal and immutable laws which are a condition of the life of a nation. If it had not a divine origin and unity, if there had not been in it the presence of an invisible King, it would then have been the exception, and its course the singular circumstance, the abnormal condition, in history." It took all the dialectic and ardour of S. Paul to convince even a few that God *made of one blood all nations of men to dwell on the face of the whole earth, having determined their appointed seasons and the bounds of their habitation.*

It is a significant fact, indicating the stubbornness of Jewish bias toward exclusiveness, that a large part of his extant writings is occupied in proclaiming that Christ is for the nations, and the nations for Christ. This stands out more prominently than any dogmatic utterance, being bound up with his doctrine of justification by faith, and is the constant accompaniment of the song of the Incarnation which he sings. We know that in our own personal religious experi-

[1] See Josephus. [2] *Gen.* xii, 3.

ence, if we get some revelation of God that bears upon our happiness or development, we can easily come to believe it to be unique. It is hard to realize, indeed it can only be realized after a season of training, that while God has a special revelation for each individual, His love and care of every one else is as great as that bestowed upon us.

We can appreciate how the very fact that S. Paul had at one time so intense and so exclusive a conception of the divine character of his own nation would, when his vision had broadened, be the finest champion that could be found of that of other nations. It took time for him to grasp the idea of catholicity, but once having made it his own, the fire of his conviction set aflame the world.

Insistence on this truth was of importance to determine the direction of apostolic effort, — whether to masses of men bound by inherent ties, or to chance individuals who might be ready to listen to the Gospel appeal. The character of the Gospel was in itself a deciding factor. Its social character required for its nourishment social soil. The closer woven the web of life, the completer the Christian opportunity. Christ's teaching had emphasized the nation as the main point of evangelical attack, so that when once the realization of the capacity for truth, or if you choose, of the potential sanctity, of all nations was

established in the minds of the first missionary band, their plan of action was not difficult to sketch.

II

NATURALLY the first piece of national work to be undertaken was the evangelization of the Jews. It was ready at hand, and in the course of the enterprise the Apostles would have a chance to grow into that world consciousness which was bound to come because of the various forces from without, as well as from within, playing upon them and urging them towards it.

Their first preaching was in the Temple, as being the centre and symbol of the nation's unity. By the use of its revered precincts they could best reach the heart of the people. No building in the world's history, neither Westminster Abbey in London nor S. Peter's in Rome, ever controlled thought and life as powerfully as this monument of Judaism. When Rome had exhausted herself in her endeavour to fit the Jewish nation into her imperial system, she thought to deal her stubborn antagonists a death-blow by razing to the ground the Holy City, and together with it the Temple. In its courts the young church continued steadfastly day by day;[1] there S. Peter reminded the excited throng of God's promise to Abraham, and that Christ's blessing was to rest first upon them;[2] there

[1] *Acts* ii, 46. [2] *Acts* iii, 25, 26.

before the Sanhedrim S. Stephen sounded the keynote of catholicity;[1] there the feet of S. Paul trod for the last time as a free man before he was taken a prisoner to Rome.[2]

In course of time S. Paul discovered his vocation as Apostle to the Gentiles, but his patriotic zeal does not allow him to forget men of his own blood. *Brethren*, he says with fervour, *my heart's desire and my supplication to God is for them, that they may be saved.*[3] If there are Jews in any place whither he goes in his travels, it is to them that he addresses his first counsel and exhortation. It is true that when his fellow-countrymen show invincible prejudice that he exclaims in anger that *from henceforth he will go unto the Gentiles.*[4] But he cannot be taken too seriously, in that we presently find him as hard at work as ever in a synagogue.[5] However, he is altogether too sane a man to continue indefinitely to spend himself to no purpose, though even when his world scheme is in full swing, there is no indication of a subsiding love for the Jew. He had a twofold citizenship, one of blood and one of privilege, but loyalty to the latter did not interfere with the largest appreciation of the former.[6]

[1] *Acts* vii. [2] *Acts* xxi, 27. [3] *Rom.* x, 1.
[4] *Acts* xviii, 6. [5] *Acts* xix.

[6] If it is possible to fix a precise moment in which he irrevocably throws the balance on the side of Roman as distinguished from Jewish citizenship, it would seem to be on the occasion when he

The first cases in which was recognition of the spiritual rights of those who belonged to other races were what might be called sporadic. S. Paul was the first stable and permanent force that made for catholicity. In the earlier moments of Christianity believers expected that their Lord was shortly to return to earth. They could not look at a passing cloud without feeling that He might emerge from its depths. They could not retire to rest without the expectation, almost amounting to belief, that they would be awakened by the call to judgement before the rising of the morning sun. They could not begin a day's task without a sense of the imminence of His return. The result was, in some instances at any rate, a paralysis that prevented men from heeding the ordinary obligations of life and fulfilling their allotted task.

In view of this solemn anticipation, any conception of nationalism would be lost sight of. Even S. Paul, with all his far-sightedness, for a while shared the current idea. He, however, had the balance which most of his fellows lacked. He saw that the truest way to meet Christ was with hands laden with the duties of the day, and he writes to the Thessalonians with indignation at their inertness. When the hour struck

is compelled by hopeless Jewish injustice to appeal to Caesar (*Acts* xx, 11). At a much earlier period, however, he begins to figure as a citizen of the Empire (ch. xiii).

in which he realized that time was of no account, and that the second coming of Christ was as likely to be long delayed as to be near at hand, we find him, with sober judgement and practical skill, seizing hold of everything human and making it a channel for the promotion of the catholic gospel of his Master. As we have noted, he lays his life along the unwilling body of the Jewish race, as is natural that he should, because he is a Hebrew of the Hebrews, and the sense of his citizenship in the chosen people tingles to his very finger-ends. Having done his utmost for them, only to be repelled, he turns without despair, and with new resoluteness, to his larger vocation.

As a citizen of the Roman Empire, freeborn, he has a pride that belongs to every true patriot in his relationship to the imperial city and its world-wide schemes. Though the clamour of multiform needs touches his emotions, the call comes to him to make use of the Roman control of the world in order that he may reach by means of it the uttermost parts of the earth. He seizes on every coign of vantage, setting his ambition on preaching the Lord Jesus in the shadow of the palace of the Caesars. His restless gaze penetrates farther still, and he plans to reach Spain. The tradition, mythical as it is, of his having gone to England is worthy of the man, bearing testimony to his all-embracing love.

Though there are no words of the Apostle declaring that he believed the Roman Empire to be God's handiwork,—a truth reserved for poetic expression in later centuries,—his attitude toward it is as expressive of his conviction as a *De Monarchia* or a *Divine Comedy* would have been. He feels it to be the best receptacle available into which to pour Christian truth. The perfection of its organization, the expanse of its domain, the diversity of its provinces, on the one hand; and on the other the justice of its decrees, its interest in the individual life, its ideal of brotherhood, the tactfulness of its methods, were features of its life for which the Apostle could not fail to have a growing appreciation, as not only admirable in themselves, but also as an instrument for furthering God's purposes among men. Seeing these things he saw far, but not to the end. He could not understand that Rome was ordained to be the foster-mother of nations yet unborn, and that the Church of Rome was to become the stepmother, not always unkind, of national Christianity throughout the world. Nor could he foresee that Roman citizenship, which more and more as life went on fired his imagination and kindled his pride, predicated a day when the state would be coextensive with the nation, and citizenship would become less a matter of blood and more one of choice, thus establishing a new basis, making for peace and

good will on a large scale.[1] But he saw enough to inspire him with the purpose of pressing the body of Christ on the body of the Empire, mouth upon mouth, eyes upon eyes, hands upon hands, until it waxed as warm with imparted vitality as the Shunammite's boy under the touch of Elisha.[2] With wide discernment he injected the truth into the artery of travel between Rome and the East, fixing himself on vital parts until the regions round about caught the new life from the colonies, and in turn passed it on to the farthest bounds of the provincial system.

It was in this way that the command, the invitation, the promise, that all nations were to be evangelized began to express itself in activity.

III

Undoubtedly the earliest though not the last missionary obligation is along the line of national commerce and expansion, as is exemplified in the history of the Church of England, though she did not rise to a sense of any duty excepting to men of British blood until 1799, when the Church Missionary Society, a voluntary association for the exclusive work of evangelizing the heathen, was founded. A year later the So-

[1] Seth Low in the *Annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Science.*

[2] *2 Kings* iv, 34.

ciety for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, already venerable in years, like Abraham when he had his vision, extended its missionary horizon to include other heathen than a handful of American Indians. But the last century was no longer young when the Church of England rose superior to the imperial conception of missionary responsibility, and stooped her shoulders to receive the whole of the Lord's burden.

Our own Church in her missionary life, by following along the lines of national expansion, has done only the natural thing, and had she failed to be bold in moments of perplexity, would have forfeited all claim to national character. The one seemingly doubtful element is found where such territories as California, Texas, Porto Rico and the Philippines are concerned, territories in which Spanish Latin Christianity has long been established. The question, however, was settled more than half a century ago at the consecration of Bishop Kip. The condition of Christendom being what it is, the question of jurisdiction in such cases is too nice to be rational or to carry weight. I have no hesitation in saying that if you are in a position entailing a conflict between the ecclesiastical and the moral, in taking your stand with the former you abandon the Person of Christ and His righteousness for the sake of being respectful to a skeleton organi-

zation as little deserving consideration as a valley of dry bones.

The Church of England has had a rare opportunity in her colonial work alone to study the phenomenon of nationality in relation to religion. It is only at this late date, however, that it is beginning to dawn upon us how important it is to study thoroughly the racial and national characteristics for practical ends. It may be that we are running to an extreme in minimizing the extent to which Western administration and Western ideas have influenced the inner life of Africans or Asiastics. But there is no room to doubt that wherever the instincts of a people are done violence to, wherever the colonial government is repressive rather than expressive of the possibilities of native life, wherever the missionary enterprise has consisted merely in inflicting a Western conception of Christianity on an Eastern people, the wheels of permanent progress become clogged, and national conversion fades into a distant prospect. An acute observer and defender of empire remarks of British rule in India that "it tends to destroy native originality, vigour, and initiative. How to replace what our rule takes away is the great Indian problem."[1] The same must be true of every mission in which there is not such a reverence for national character that the least

[1] Bernard Holland in *Imperium et Libertas*, p. 12.

local custom is considered worthy of study and interpretation. The quarrel as to what is the essence and what the accidents of Christianity—most of us are cocksure that we know!—must be settled before we can accomplish our best work abroad, though on the other hand we are in a fair way to solve the problem if we prosecute that work in the spirit of open-minded sympathy. Illumination and knowledge are wont to come to us through the sacrament of the simple duty of to-day simply performed.

God made no two individuals alike and no two nations. It is not the variety of genera that is the largest marvel of creation, but the variety of species and individuals within each genus. Just as individual conversion consists in changing not facts or temperament, but relationships, so with the evangelization of the nations.

The Reformation of the sixteenth century was less an outburst of revolt against theological error than the spontaneous blazing up of outraged national life. "It was not Luther who shattered a so-called Catholic unity into fragments, but the expansion of national consciousness, whether in France, in Germany, or in England."[1] The Empire that in God's counsels had been ordained to be the guardian for a while of adolescence sank into the capacity of an oppressor

[1] See Allen's *Continuity of Christian Thought*, pp. 248, 320.

until the strength of youth rose in its might and struck for freedom. Men may lament the doctrines which were taught by the extremists of the Reformation, and, confusing an incident in a movement with the movement itself, give vent to broad condemnation of the whole, but they cannot enjoy any of the larger national privileges and liberties of to-day without paying homage to the Reformation.

The sanctity of the nation is inherent. The nation is a holy thing, not as being guilty of a *grande latrocinium*,[1] not as deriving a reflected glory from the Church, but holy in that it is a sphere of God's presence on earth, and as truly indwelt by Him, though for a different purpose, as the Church herself. Just as in the beginning Roman polity and Roman organization were factors in shaping and colouring the Church's life, so to-day every church in Christendom that aspires to be national must become so by putting herself *en rapport* with the nation. We are bordering on the worst fault of Judaism if we think of our own as being the only holy or the most holy nation, or the Roman Empire as being the unique instance in which national polity and organization could be allowed to influence the Church.

Various have been the mechanical efforts to put Church and State in a true relation to one another —

[1] *De Civitas Dei.*

domination of State over Church, then of Church over State; partnership under a legal agreement, and finally a free Church in a free State. But it is by no formal or artificial compact that the ideal union is consummated. The natural relation is the most divine, and only those countries in which the Church and State occupy cognate spheres, each jealous for the other's rights within its province, does either Church or Government have its largest opportunity. Whenever the Church tries to manipulate state affairs, or to pull the cords of political matters, confusion and conflict ensue. It is bound to be so, for divine laws are being slighted, the sanctity of the nation ignored.

The story of the first days of Christianity in Japan is of missionary value. The character and zeal of Francis Xavier are an inspiration for all time, but he brought with him to Japan (1549) the defects of the papal Christianity which he represented. Disregard for the sacredness of national life and institutions, similar to that which awoke the slumbering lion of nationalism in Europe, stirred to the core the Japanese, who then as now were ardent nationalists. Smouldering fires burst into flame early in the seventeenth century when Ieyasu, under the justifiable conviction that national affairs were being tampered with by the priests, and that the Empire was thereby endangered, issued his edict of expulsion and extirpation.

Less than forty years after Xavier arrived at Kagoshima the storm began to brew. The Portuguese and Spanish traders "began to libel each other to the Japanese authorities." The ire of Taikō Sama was roused by the gossip of, some say a Portuguese, others a Spanish, sea-captain. Chamberlain narrates the story.[1] "'Our kings,' so this bluff sailor is reported to have said, 'begin by sending into the countries they wish to conquer priests who induce the people to embrace our religion, and when they have made considerable progress, troops are despatched, who combine with the new Christians, and then our kings have not much trouble in accomplishing the rest.' Though not to be taken literally, there was doubtless a foundation of fact for the statement thus imprudently blurted out,—the rulers of Spain and Portugal, as we know full well from their proceedings in other quarters of the globe, were anything but single-minded in their dealings with native races. History repeats itself; for the conduct of Europe towards China in our own day exhibits precisely the same medley of genuine piety on the part of the missionaries and shameless aggression on the part of the countries which send them out." Thus the ruin of a fair hope was initiated by the lust of traders and consummated by the intrigue of missionaries.

[1] *Things Japanese*, p. 322, note.

It is a matter for congratulation that all the missions in China, with the one unfortunate exception of the Roman Catholics, refused to assume political rights and duties such as the French papal missionaries sought for and secured at the end of the last century. The allurement of momentary prestige was promptly declined in order that spiritual power might remain pure and free, and that Chinese national rights might be duly respected.

Christianity, once having gained foothold in a nation, should lend all her energies to adapting it—and Christianity is far more adaptable where national life is concerned than many of us suppose—to local tradition, thought and temperament. The nation should be trained, like the child, according to its bent. Here, for instance, is a Malay tribe, brought into touch with a rigid form of Christianity, who, so far from being won, only stiffen into aloofness because they intuitively feel they would lose their tribal character by submitting to baptism. Let a sympathetic missionary go to them and show how tenderly and sympathetically individuality and local traditions are handled, and suspicion will gradually give place to glad acceptance of Christ's truth and righteousness. Throughout the East this is becoming more and more a recognized method. The day of iconoclasm is past, and generous sympathy now holds the sceptre.

In Japan the patient missionaries of Christ, often blunderingly no doubt, are "working their way into the soul of the nation. They are conscious as no one else is, that inspiration can come to Japan only through her own prophets, that all that is not essential to the well-being of God's kingdom on earth — foreign garments, Western ideas — must be stripped away before the full power of Christianity can be experienced; and they are always working with this end in view. It is wisdom, not self-importance, that explains the reluctance of the missionaries to give the Japanese Church immediate autonomy; the times are not ripe. Slowly, from the bottom upward, Christian truth is making its royal progress, and in due season Japan's prayer for abiding inspiration will be answered throughout her length and breadth."[1]

IV

But the winning of the nations to Christ is a privilege to which every missionary is not called. It carries with it a greater measure of attraction than any other phase of adventure for God. Nationalism is not, as Lord Acton seemed to think, a necessary evil to be borne, but a divine emotion that will bear its best features as an adornment into the Celestial City itself. Those who have a share in carrying it to the

[1] A paper written by me for *The Outlook*, Feb. 20, 1904.

height of its possibilities, by putting Christian truths into a normal relationship with it, have on their hands the most momentous of tasks.

There is, however, an humbler phase of evangelization to which some may be elected, that is to say, the evangelization of less closely organized life than that which we have been considering. That it can burn with a flame of radiance unsurpassed by other forms of missionary endeavour, the story of Zinzendorf and the Herrnhuters bears ample testimony. "In two decades,[1] the little church of the Brethren called more missionaries into life than did the whole of Protestantism in two centuries."[2]

First came the vision of the pure-souled boy who saw the length and breadth of an effective life,—"our unwearied labour shall go through the world in order that we may win hearts for Him who gave His life for our souls." His passion was caught by his friends, until each one of his little company could say, *Ich habe nur eine Passion, und die ist Er, nur Er* ("I have but one enthusiasm, and it is He, only He"). The logic of such a life could be none other than it was. He who takes his stand by Christ and views the world of men from this high vantage-ground shares Christ's vision; and he who shares Christ's vision shares His work.

[1] 1722–1742.

[2] Warneck, *Missions*, p. 63.

The "Lord's Shepherds" had a jewel in their pastoral staff which should never be wanting among men who claim to be the ambassadors of the *Pastor pastorum*. Here it is: "The unity of the Brethren and missions are indissolubly united. There will never be a unity of the Brethren without a mission to the heathen, nor a mission of the Brethren which is not the concern of the Church as such." With their motto on their brow—

We will most gladly dare,
While here we fare—

they began a career of adventure for God that verges on recklessness. Their effort was to seek out the forgotten, the abandoned, the hopeless, the uninteresting, and bring them in to partake of the Feast of the King,[1] let the obstacles in the way be what they might.

We would seek labour there
Where labour is.

They "were persuaded that their call was not to work anywhere for national conversions, that is, for the bringing of whole nations to Christ,[2]" so they went with joy to the humbler task, carrying comfort to the ice-bound shores of Greenland and the barren bleakness of Labrador.

To such work our Communion is called not less than

[1] *S. Luke* xiv, 12, 13. [2] Warneck, *Missions*, p. 66.

to that among the nations. Those who count themselves to possess high privilege have the responsibility laid upon them of exhibiting much love. We, like her of the Gospel story, can find worthy occupation in bathing the Saviour's feet.

The English Church has not failed to do her share for obscure tribes and dying peoples. In the jungles of Africa she bears her witness among the simple negroes. In the islands of the summer seas Christian hymns and prayers rise to God beneath the calm gaze of the Southern Cross from the dark-skinned converts of Selwyn and Patteson. Further north the shy Karens of Burma's hills flock to the Church's sheltering arms at the call of England's missionaries.

Our own Herrnhuters, Whipple and Hare and Rowe, with their noble comrades, are worthy to stand by the side of Zinzendorf and his missionary band. Though we will never be able to think of our national treatment of the North American Indian with aught but shame as we review the past, there will always be one illuminated chapter in the otherwise dark history. "After my consecration as bishop, while the words, *Hold up the weak, heal the sick, bind up the broken, bring again the outcast, seek the lost*, were still ringing in my ears, the venerable Bishop Kemper said with deep feeling, 'My young brother, do not forget these wandering Indians, for they, too, can be brought into

the fold of Christ.'"[1] Need I say that Whipple did not forget his promise?

Two years ago one of our own clergy went to the succour of the long-haired, tattooed savages who dwell in the mountains of Luzon, neglected and unloved. The days went by with no sign of positive results rewarding his labours until at last a young lad sought baptism, the firstfruits of his prayers and teaching. It is fitting that the Kingdom into which no one can enter unless he become as a little child should have as its earliest citizen this boy. And so once more the prophet's words come true,—*And a little child shall lead them.*

The lives of men who are drawn by the vision to the hidden corners of the world, to minister to the odds and ends of this strange human race of which we are a part, are not wasted. Modern government does not neglect the obscure; and if school-teachers and officials of state feel it a matter of duty, if not of positive inspiration, to defend the rights, develop the capacity, heal the wounds of the racially diseased and weak, living in their midst, participating in their lives, it should be deemed no hardship, either by those who send or those who are sent, to carry the consolation, the strength, the joy, the discipline, of the

[1] Bishop Whipple's *Lights and Shadows of a Long Episcopate*, p. 33.

Church into primitive homes. It is not that the Christian mind thinks of those who have never had the opportunity to know the truth as it is in Christ Jesus as being condemned to perdition by their own misfortune, and that it is our duty to snatch a brand here and there from the burning. Far from it. Christianity is a force and a gladness for the days of time, the floor of the universe, the scions of mortality. It is their heritage and right. For the self-protection and development of those who are born into Christian conditions, as well as for the present benefit of the unenlightened,

We would seek labour there
Where labour is.

We delight to give our loved ones things even of ephemeral worth as tokens of love, but when we give the gift of Truth we bestow a lasting benefit which, while it is at home in time, is on its throne in the realms beyond.

There is a picture rosy with romance wherever the strong meet the weak in terms of love: the greater the space between the extremes, the more radiant the glow. It is the pride of our day that philanthropies abound. The heart of every great city throbs with compassion for the prisoner, the sick, the helpless, the poor. It is not proximity in space that deter-

mines our responsibility to the weak. Arguments hinging on distance are withering before the inventive genius of the age. At one time brick walls a furlong away shut off the needy from the prosperous as effectively as though each lived on a different globe. That day is so far past that now the farthest need may be laid any morning on our breakfast-table, the most recent calamity in the most distant land served up to us as our concern before its immediate victims have ceased quivering under its heel. If we are to live at all we must live as men who recognize the whole world as neighbours; and oftentimes our best service will be rendered to those so far off, so mean, so obscure, that we preclude all possibility of any return. Such service is no waste of wealth, but a delicate expression of that sympathy which makes life's wounds bearable. The only way to kill self-pity is to bury it life-deep in compassion, that it may be smothered by others' woes. What is the use of wealth, if not to benefit the poor? What is privilege for, if not to place at the disposal of the unblessed?

Now we that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak, and not to please ourselves.[1]

[1] *Rom.* xv, 1.

LECTURE IV

THE QUEST

In many strange adventures have I been in this quest. And so either told other of their adventures.

IN the preface to the *Book of King Arthur and of his Noble Knights of the Round Table* Caxton says therein shall be found "many joyous and pleasant histories, and noble and renowned acts of humanity, gentleness and chivalry." Nor does he exaggerate the refined beauty of that masterpiece of knightly romance. But inasmuch as the story of missions is another embodiment of the same tale, it is not less full of romance, joyousness and pleasance. The book of the *Acts of the Apostles* is as thrilling a record of daring and achievement as you can find in human annals.

Napoleon did not plan his campaigns with greater care than the Apostles, if S. Paul's course is at all representative, as I believe we are warranted in assuming. The Apostle to the nations was not dazzled by the magnitude of his world-wide venture. Like his Master, his love of men had its roots, and grew, in love for men. He was not among those whose grasp of the general meant a neglect of the particular. With a heart big enough to embrace nations, he always seems to have had his arms about the individual. Now it is

a far-off convert who creeps into the foreground of his consciousness to receive a stimulating message of advice or encouragement,—*Say to Archippus, Take heed to the ministry which thou hast received in the Lord, that thou fulfil it.*[1] Or, again, more than a score rise up to receive his greeting, each one distinguished by a word of affection all his own,[2]—*Mary, who bestowed much labour on us, Apelles, approved in Christ,* and the rest of them. Every one who once found entrance into the interest of S. Paul remained there to dwell. Time and distance did not obliterate them. Even in his silences they could feel assured of his loyalty to them. They were as truly the companions of his inner life as though they were before him in the flesh. They were the joy, the anxiety and the crown of his existence.

In his attention to the poor he neither despised nor neglected the rich. He was solicitous for hovel and palace alike.[3] As we read of his singular adventure in Lycaonia,[4] among a rude and barbarous tribe whom he tried to win for Christ, we know how his heart would burn with sympathy at the story of Patteson,

[1] *Col.* iv, 17. [2] *Rom.* xvi. [3] Cf. *Phil.* i, 13.

[4] "The use of the Lycaonian language shows that the worshippers were not the Roman *coloni*, the aristocracy of the colony, but the natives, the less educated and more superstitious part of the people." RAMSAY'S *S. Paul the Traveller and Roman Citizen*, p. 119.

and the South Sea heroes or of the Herrnhuters. The passion of S. Paul is perhaps the most prominent characteristic of his personality, though I sometimes think that it is his balance. However, he had both passion and balance in a nicely determined partnership.

I

It is a tribute to his poise that he did not go about battering down non-Christian religions. Had he been a zealot and nothing more, his conversion would have been the beginning of anti-Jewish prejudice and persecution. Converts, according to common experience, are unbalanced extremists. Instead of this, he remains full of veneration for the old order, magnifying its value at the very moment that he condemns its exaggerations or the misinterpretations of its unenlightened votaries. He is under orders from on high to proclaim Christ for the world, and the world for Christ; but this requires a process of reconstruction and fulfilment rather than one of substitution.

It is written in the nature of things that commendation is antecedent to effective condemnation, appreciation to just criticism. Condemnation is nothing but an expression of bad temper, criticism, of outraged taste, if it has not for its end improvement. Men are soured and irritated by it when the spirit in which it is uttered—it is always self-evident—betrays the

fact that its author is reposing in the conceited conviction that he is the one person who has a vision of the ideal, or indeed any capacity for it. S. Paul takes for granted that there is both capacity and vision in those whom he addresses, and reveals the fact to them by praising some features of their life which constitute a starting-point for better things.[1]

This is true of his method both when he deals with morals and when he lays the foundation for an unbiassed study of comparative religions by touching with an appreciative hand the religions of his own day with which he is brought into close quarters. The good qualities that are, form the promise and foundation of virtues and graces that are to be; the religion that is, being from God, is the preparation and basis for that fulfilling religion of which he is an ambassador.

What finer appreciation of Judaism can be found than that contained in his letters? No jot or tittle of the law, its ritual or its content is slighted or attacked by his pen — only its abuse or misapplication. The Jewish Scriptures are not dethroned from the high place they hold in the regard of the Hebrews;

[1] I would make my own these words: "I have always believed that it is better to stimulate than to correct, to fortify rather than punish, to help rather than to blame. If there is one attitude that I fear and hate more than another it is the attitude of the cynic. I believe with all my soul in romance; that is, in a certain high-hearted, eager dealing with life." *From a College Window*, in the *Cornhill Magazine*.

they become the Scriptures of the Christians—for a considerable period their only Scriptures. The old Covenant is caught up into the New. Judaism is the historic basis of the Faith.

But it is not the only foundation for Christian truth, though it must always remain the chief substructure. It is the representative pre-Christian religion. Neither Christ nor His Apostle made onslaught on heathen beliefs; the latter used them, and he was a man who never used a bad thing hoping therewith to achieve a good end. When S. Paul is for the first time called upon to preach to a cultured people with traditional gods and ancient creed, as has been pointed out by every one who has touched the subject, he begins with an appreciation of the substance underlying the shadow, the truth hidden in the superstition. In other words, he tells the Athenians[1] that their religion which is symbolized by the altar dedicated to the unknown God is a preparation for Christianity—*Whom ye ignorantly worship, him declare I unto you.* There is inspiration even in the writings of a heathen author—*certain also of your own poets have said, For we are also his offspring.* In the presence of the record of this incident, the Saviour's words float into the memory: *I came not to destroy, but to fulfil.*

[1] *Acts* xvii.

The Jewish faith is not displaced from the noble relationship which it rightly holds by having attributed to it an illustrative character. It is the preparatory religion in another sense than that usually understood; it is the typical preparatory religion. One of its functions is to declare to other religions, even the cruder religions of savages, that they, too, point to and find fulfilment in Christ. S. Paul touched the outskirts of the pagan world in Lycaonia.[1] The inhabitants were children of nature with a thin veneer of Roman tradition overlaying their indigenous belief. But even here he found common ground for understanding. *The living God*, he said, fixing upon the value of natural religion, *which made heaven, and earth, and the sea, and all things that are therein, in times past suffered all nations to walk in their own ways, nevertheless left not himself without witness, in that he did good, and gave us rain from heaven, and fruitful seasons, filling our hearts with food and gladness.*

Wherever the Christian teacher may go, to darkest Africa, to the provinces of China, to the primitive folk of the Luzon hills, Christ, who is the Light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world, has preceded him, and is there to greet him. He has laid, He is, the foundation on which we are to build. The

[1] *Acts* xiv.

fine old allegory of the beggar who under a compassionate touch flashes forth as the Lord, finds new application in this connection. Missionary work is not a doubtful experiment, but a certain success. There is no ground that is so barren that Christianity cannot take root in some corner of its soil, no field so abandoned that it is not in at least a slight degree prepared to receive the first principles of the truth. As surely as every river in the land ultimately reaches the sea, so surely the religion of Jesus Christ will receive into itself those lesser faiths wherein God did not leave Himself wholly without witness. There comes a tremendous enlargement of interest and a full flood of hope with the thought that the first duty of the missionary is to find Christ rather than to give Him among those to whom he is sent.

The chief unfulfilled religions of our time are those of the Orient, where is the home of great nations, some of them in decline, some at the dawn of their life's finest day. The East at this juncture is the centre of attention because in its contact with the West, wherein have always originated the largest movements of history, lie the gravest, the most imperative, the most interesting human problems. Without Christianity a solution is hopeless. There are here and there to be found wide rents in the fabric of society, but none so stubborn of repair as that between East and

West. In Christianity, its history, its substance, its method, rests the hope—the sure hope—of unity.

Christianity is an Eastern religion with a successful Western experience. Its founder was of Eastern origin, birth, education and history. He lived and died in a country that then as now was the borderland between East and West. Yet the first thing that the newborn religion did when it was a toddling infant was to launch out boldly to conquer the West. It was not content until it had ensconced itself in the very heart of the Empire. The earliest duty which it conceived to be laid upon it was to demonstrate in practical form that it was universal in essence and purpose. It took on Western dress and spoke in a Western tongue until the habit became so much a matter of course that its adherents were inclined to look upon Christianity as a Western product, and the thoughtless, for the lack of a better argument, urge against missions in the Orient that it is absurd to force a Western religion on an Eastern people!

There is a beautiful, but not critically justifiable translation of a well-known passage in Zechariah[1] which places Christ before us as the Orient. The Vulgate reads, *Ecce vir oriens nomen ejus* ("Behold the Man whose name is the Orient"). However untrue the translation may be to the context, it is true to the

[1] Ch. vi, 12.

text[1] and true to the fact, — Christ is the Orient. The father of His immediate herald called Him the *day-spring from on high*,[2] — an intense simile transcending the thought of God as light, and portraying Him as the source whence light comes. The fact, then, that Christianity has become Westernized by nineteen centuries of experience is offset by the fact that the author of Christianity is the Orient, and in taking Him to the East we take Him to His own.

II

Some broad generalizations made by a Bampton lecturer[3] bring out forcibly the common standing-ground which Christianity has with the two great world religions of Islamism and Buddhism. The three foundation stones of religion, philosophically viewed, are Dependence, Fellowship and Progress. Christianity has the three in full measure. Mohammedanism has Dependence as a natural and indigenous element, with Fellowship present, though weakly exhibited. In Buddhism Fellowship is the indigenous and most strongly marked feature, with Dependence and Progress both playing a part, though an undeveloped part, in its

[1] The same word can be translated either "Branch" or "Orient," though the connection decides in favour of the former.

[2] *S. Luke* i, 78.

[3] Bishop Boyd Carpenter in *Permanent Elements of Religion* (1887).

life. Thus the divine elements and the common standing-ground with Christianity in Islamism are Dependence and in some measure Fellowship; in Buddhism, Fellowship, with Dependence and Progress faintly outlined. In the fatalistic fanaticism of Islamism is evinced a marvellous capacity for faith; in the self-communings and reveries of Buddhism, an unusual faculty for worship. A recent writer[1] says of the latter faith: "In the high moral code of Buddhism we may see a preparation for Christianity."

Intelligent and balanced appreciation of heathen faiths has been growing steadily. The Church of Rome, in spite of the inflexibility of her ecclesiastical system, has been quick always to interpret the popular mind and develop cults suited to the emotions of the masses. It is one factor that makes for success in her career. The angularity of our own communion affords a striking contrast to this. Our liberality consists more in diversity of interpretation than in practical adaptability.

In the mission field until quite recently but little consideration was given to indigenous religions. The missionary went through the East in very much the same spirit that Cromwell's soldiers went through some of the English cathedrals, with instruments of destruction in hand. The study of comparative reli-

[1] G. B. Ekanayaka in *East and West.*

gions was chiefly an academic amusement. For the popular mind the appearance of Sir Edwin Arnold's *Light of Asia* (1879) marked an epoch. Few good words were said of the book by orthodox critics. I was told by grave-eyed men that it was an insidious book, undermining the very foundations of Christianity, and I took their word, not reading it for long years only to discover in the end that it was nothing worse than a poetic exaggeration of the beauty of Orientalism. It was no more in error than the belief that God was not in any religion but Christianity — perhaps less. Its effect was to rouse many to a consciousness that though

The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone,

he is not wholly without a vision of God. The new thought of course ran riot in some circles, blighting missionary interest. "If so moral and beautiful a religion already obtains in the East, why disturb the natives with our Western ideas? Christianity does not fit them. They have an Eastern faith suited to their minds and habits"—the flimsy and erroneous logic we are all familiar with. The unbalanced thinker with a new and fascinating theme cannot stop when he once gets going. Something of a craze set in for the study of Oriental cults, and various defenders of Buddhism and Hinduism came to the fore. Two

books of comparatively recent date are worthy of mention, *The Soul of a People*,[1] an imaginative description of Burmese life, and *The Web of Indian Life*,[2] championing in powerful language the faith of India.

It is good that the revulsion of feeling came, because it brought with it illumination, and placed the missionary cause on a surer and more intelligent footing than hitherto. Take the single fact that Sir Edwin Arnold and the rest were able to see and describe the inner value of the Eastern religions to which they gave their attention. It bears testimony to the interpretative faculty of Christianity. So far as I am aware no one who has not had a Christian inheritance and training, or was not steeped in Christian thought, has been able to discern their worth. It is impossible to divest ourselves of the Christian view-point if we have once been trained to use it. Just as it would have been impossible for any one but a Christian to have made the speech of S. Paul at Athens, so no one but persons of Christian experience could have written *The Light of Asia*, *The Soul of a People*, or *The Web of Indian Life*. As I run over the present-day champions of Oriental cults I find among them none but those who have been

[1] By H. Fielding, —a piece of inaccurate idealization.

[2] By Margaret E. Noble.

permeated with Christian thought,—Colonel Olcott, Mrs. Besant,[1] the Swami, Wu Ting Fang (once a professing Christian).

When I was in Rangoon I went to see the leader of Burmese Buddhism, Ananda Maitriya. I found that he was a Scotchman and his name was MacGregor. He is a man of scientific attainment who was brought up in Christianity. Intellectual difficulties disturbed him, and he embraced Buddhism in Ceylon. Afterwards he became *pohn-gyee* and chief propagandist in Rangoon. He told me that he purposed Buddhizing Amer-

[1] It is the Christian, not the Theosophical part of Mrs. Besant that says: "You must not build the Church of Christ on antiquarian research, nor on the Higher Criticism, nor on any question of the value of a manuscript; you must build Christ's Church on the living Christ, and not on the dead manuscripts, otherwise your Church will crumble before the assaults of scholars and antiquarians. You should not live in continual fear lest one man should take away from you this doctrine, and another man that; lest this scholar should deprive you of one belief, and another scholar of another. Nay! those things may have their place and use; and the greatest use of criticism seems to me to be not that it establishes the facts of history, because these facts of history are not very important things, but that it drives the devout heart back on its own experience, on the living experience of a living Christ, which is the basis of all true religion. For religion is not based on mouldy manuscripts, nor on worm-eaten books; it does not find its sanction in the authority of Councils, nor in the statements of tradition. It comes from human experience, from the evolving relation of the human soul with God. And Christ is driving His Church back upon that, because it has been built on the shifting sand of history instead of on the rock of human experience." *Is Theosophy Anti-Christian?*

ica and England after having purified the ancient religion of Japan. In him we have another evidence of the interpretative power of the Christian mind.

It has been urged as though it were an argument against Christ's claims that His originality largely consisted in interpretation, whereas it is the opposite. The originality that says wholly new things is eccentricity; the originality that rediscovers old things sets the world aflame with glory and moves all men. It is a joy to me, and a new evidence that Christ is the Universal Man, whenever I find in the maxims of Confucius or the Vedas an approximation to Christ's teaching. That which inhered in Christ is characteristic of the religion that bears His name. He could take a well-worn bit of Jewish Scripture and make it blaze like a diamond. Christianity in its relation to other religions is as the sunlight to a jewel: you place the jewel in its rays and the light catches its every point and reveals its hidden or half-developed qualities. The Scotch Burman and the English Indian cannot be as though they had never been bathed in the truth of Jesus Christ any more than Ananda Maitriya can cease to be Allan Bennett MacGregor, or Sister Nivedita of Ramakrishna-Vivekananda can cease to be Margaret E. Noble.

It is the natural thing for us to recognize that in Jewish history and literature lies the Christian faith

prior to being unfolded. The relationship has long since been worked out for us, and it is an easy task to translate this prophecy, that psalm, this incident into Christian terms; but it should not appear to us either forced or difficult to interpret other religions similarly. If God made a special revelation through Judaism He none the less makes a real revelation through other non-Christian religions. Christianity is the completion of all that is imperfect, the illumination of all that is obscure in religion, viewed broadly as that which is the outcome of man's search for the truth. It is only what we would expect, then, that Christian minds should prove to be the ablest exponents of Oriental beliefs, that they should surprise even the life-long votaries of those beliefs and bring them as pupils to their feet. If they are ignorant of or disclaim the source of their illumination, the fact abides as a tangible process easily traced and explained. The play of friendly though ill-disciplined Christian forces on Burmese Buddhism has borne fruit not only in a revival locally, but in the establishment of a missionary propaganda claiming to have a message to the world.[1] Christian methods have been incorporated into

[1] "It will be the faith of the future in that far distant time when all mankind, conquered by the Love it teaches, enlightened by the Truth it holds, shall dwell at last in harmony, in self-restraint, in mutual forbearance, — shall attain at last to a true civilization," &c. *Buddhism*, vol. i, no. 1, page 14.

Buddhism, Christian generosity has awakened in Buddhists a spirit of liberality. By their own admission, though not perhaps in the sense they mean, "the activity of Christian missions has been a most potent factor" in this revivifying of their traditional faith.

All this goes to prove what Christianity is—the fulfilling religion. If untempered sympathy and a little knowledge of Christ can do much, what will full knowledge and disciplined sympathy accomplish? The Gospel stands as a strong mountain whose peak is in the heavens, lifting into itself the little hills, and gathering about it as a skirt the broad plain at its feet. Nor is there a more beautiful spot in the experience of the Christian Church than where some ancient religion is caught up into its splendid height. If the religion of Christ Jesus can never stoop the head of its absolute claims, neither can it ever raise itself so as not to touch and absorb the least as well as the greatest of preparatory and unfulfilled creeds.

III

Supposing we were unfortunate enough not to know that there was affinity between non-Christian beliefs and Christianity, and yet were convinced of the absolute claims of Christ, we would be in an awkward dilemma, for experience declares that you cannot annihilate an indigenous religion any more than you

can blot out a man's temperament. The Judaism of Christianity is one of the Church's strongest pillars — its moral code, its ardent piety, its lucid theology.

There are grounds for maintaining that the Chthonic ritual of the Greek religion belonged "to the primitive Pelasgians, the Olympian to the conquering Achaeans."[1] But whether this conclusion is correct or not the two cults both lived, the younger unobliterated by the older, though they were unfriendly enough in their essence. "The formula of Olympic cults is *do ut des;* of Chthonic rites, *do ut abeas.*" So Andrew Lang:[2] "What the religious instinct has once grasped it does not, as a rule, abandon; but subordinates or disguises when it reaches higher ideas."

There is an interesting and curious illustration of the principle to which we are giving our attention in S. Paul's experience among the Lycaonians. "Where," says Ramsay, "the Graeco-Roman civilization had established itself, the old religion survived as strongly as ever, but the deities were spoken of by Greek, or sometimes by Roman, names, and were identified with the gods of the more civilized races. This is precisely what we find at Lystra: Zeus and Hermes are the names of the deities as translated into Greek, but the old Lycaonian gods are meant, and the Lycaonian

[1] *Greek Religion,* in the *Spectator,* April 9, 1904.
[2] *Custom and Myth.*

language was used, apparently because, in a moment of excitement, it rose more naturally to the lips of the people than the cultured Greek language."

The history of the indigenous religions of the East points in the same direction. Before the age of Confucius (the beginning of the sixth century before Christ) there were gropings after God which found expression in much the same way as among other primitive peoples. Confucius seems to have deliberately avoided conflict with the system that obtained. With philosophic insight he saw that if there was a chance of "substituting a morality for a theology" it was not by precipitating a conflict, but by proclaiming the positive principles of a superior way. But it would have resulted in the same thing had he taken any other course. The indigenous faith would have continued to peep through the garments of his moral code as well as through the later innovations of Buddhism, which began its Chinese career in the second century before Christ.

In Japan history repeats itself. The crude mythological nature-worship known as Shinto, or "the way of the gods," held undisputed sway until the middle of the sixth century after Christ, when Corea contributed a missionary suite of Buddhist monks to the Japanese. Shinto was a "puny fabric"[1] perhaps,

[1] *Things Japanese*, p. 415.

but just because it was indigenous the pulse of a nation beat in it and made it strong enough to live to this day. Even though Buddhism conquered it, Shinto, paradoxical as the statement is, remained unconquered,—a historic relic perhaps, but a historic relic enshrined deep in popular affection. "It is the established custom to present infants at the Shinto family temple one month after birth. It is equally customary to be buried by the Buddhist parish priest. The inhabitants of each district contribute to the festivals of both religions alike, without being aware of any inconsistency."[1] At first the primitive belief had a struggle for existence, during which it was driven to consolidate its forces and take the distinguishing title which it has since borne. There was a clever attempt on the part of Buddhism to absorb Shinto into the new faith, but it was so ineffectual that not only has the ancient cult maintained an existence until now, but since the beginning of the eighteenth century it has enjoyed some measure of rejuvenescence.

The history of Burmese religion follows along a similar course. Burmese folk-lore is more than ordinarily picturesque and poetical, and perhaps that is one explanation why devotion to the Nat continues to be an integral part of worship among men and women who

[1] *Things Japanese*, p. 405.

are the most loyal Buddhists in the world. There are two species of Nats,—on the one hand inhabitants of the six inferior heavens which contain rewards for good people after death; on the other, "spirits of nature, fairies, elves, gnomes, kelpies, kobolds, pixies, whatever names they have received in other countries."[1] What can more fully illustrate the indelibility of indigenous religion than the following excerpt?[2] "The worship of Nats, of the spirits, has nothing to do with Buddhism, and is denounced by all the more earnest of pyin-sin as being heretical and antagonistic to the teachings of the Lord Buddha. The late King Mindohn, who was a true defender of the faith and possessed of a deeper knowledge of the Pāli texts than many of the members of the Assembly of the Perfect, fulminated an edict against the reverence paid to the Nats, and ordered its discontinuance under severe penalties; but the worship was never really stopped, and under King Thebaw's erratic rule flourished more than ever."[3]

[1] *The Burman, his Life and Notions*, by Shway Yoe, a book worth reading by those who desire to get a true view of the Burmese and their country.

[2] *Ibid.*, p. 230.

[3] Cf. Bishop Coplestone in the *Report on the Census of Burma* (1881). "The Burmans frequently make offerings to Nats, and regard the spirit world with an awe not called for by the creed of Buddha. The belief in Nats has remained, underlying their thoughts and religion ever since they were converted to Bud-

In the first number of *Buddhism*[1] an apology is made for the continuance of the old geniolatry coterminous with the later religion. Here is the explanation. That which "religious instinct has once formulated or accepted as true, it does not, as a rule, abandon at the incoming of new ideas and ideals, but rather tends to incorporate them, to subordinate or transform them in accordance with the old ideas. . . . Wherever Buddhism has gone, we often hear it said it has never supplanted the religion it found, the indigenous religion. Yet the people among whom it has gone acknowledge freely their adherence to Buddhism, and in almost the same breath own allegiance to some more ancient cultus. So in Thibet under Buddhism are Shamanistic beliefs; in China, Confucianism and Taoism go hand in hand with Buddhism; in Japan, Shintoism has welcomed Confucianism and Buddhism; in Ceylon, Hinduism is said to have corrupted Buddhism; and in Burma and Siam Nat-worship is found with Buddhism." The interesting thing to note is that the old religion still retains under Buddhistic supremacy its peculiar character, even though it may be in essence incompatible with Buddhistic principles. Had Buddhism been less politic and fought with the older cults

dhism, a relic of the ancient cult which is still preserved intact among the wilder Karens, Chins and other hill races."

[1] Pages 83, 88.

for exclusive rights, the issue, it is fair to conclude, would have been the same. That it has aspired to absolutism, its fruitless attempt to absorb Shinto in Japan bears testimony. It seems to recognize its limitations. By its own admission it is not a fulfilling religion, but a supplementary one, whose features are so plastic as to be easily marred or mended by the religions with which it keeps company, and which continue side by side with it as distinctive religions.

The history of the relationship to other beliefs of Christianity runs parallel for a short distance with the experience of Buddhism. The truth as revealed in Jesus Christ has not succeeded, where it has tried, in obliterating all the distinctive characteristics of the heathen religions with which it has been thrown into contact. Wherever there has been pitched battle, as for instance with later Judaism[1] or with Islamism, the result has been the confirmation, the dignifying and the further alienation of the non-Christian belief. Christianity, withal that it is the universal and absolute religion, is not strong enough to erase the handwriting of God as seen in the primitive creeds and natural religion of the various divisions of the human family.

[1] Shylock is typical of the Jew for whom the Christian Church is at least in some measure responsible,—the creation of intolerance and persecution.

IV

The parting of the ways comes with the absolute claims of Christ and the Church's consciousness of world-wide, time-long mission. Conviction comes before toleration. We can afford to be tolerant because we know beyond peradventure just where we stand. There are two kinds of toleration: one the toleration that originates in weakness, the other that which originates in strength. The attempt to make Christ a local celebrity, and to welcome into His gallery Gautama and Confucius as peers, is the toleration of weakness. To put the name of Zoroaster and the Sibyl in a window of Westminster Abbey in company with the prophets, as being with them heralds of the dawn, is the toleration of strength. The motto of Christianity is not "Live, and let live," but *I came that they may have life, and may have it abundantly.*[1] Christianity is to other religions what, for instance, the most advanced science always is to the science of the past, adding to what was said to them of old time, words which not merely supplement, but complete. She is organically related to all the vast reaches of the world's yesterdays, carrying in her hand all history, inviting into her confidence all religions, taking under her guardianship all humanity. It is insufficient

[1] *S. John* x, 10.

to say that nothing pertaining to life fails to be of interest to her; rather is it that everything touching man is her duty. Everywhere the world is waiting for her fulfilling activity.

The absolute claims of Christ are unmistakably written in the original Christian documents. They are as clear as a bugle-note, incapable of double meaning. Before them, groping gives place to certainty, and man stands forever with his feet bathed in the dawn. Prophets, moralists, philosophers, statesmen, in earlier days shed their single ray of light on the tangle of human problems, never claiming to point out the whole way, the complete truth, nor to possess the fulness of life; never calling attention to themselves. Christ alone makes this astounding claim; He only calls attention to Himself as the key to the whole of life's mystery: *I am the way, and the truth, and the life: no one cometh unto the Father, but by me.*[1] If this were the only saying of the sort we would have reason, perhaps, to doubt its authenticity, and would be less intolerant of placing Christ in the Pantheon. But such assertions are of the very texture of the record of Christ's life; not in S. John's Gospel alone, but impartially in all alike they weave their sturdy threads. I have quoted this text first as gathering up in one regnant, conclusive sentence that which He scatters

[1] *S. John* xiv, 6.

profusely up and down the pathway of His instruction. *If therefore the Son shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed.*[1] *I am the bread of life: he that cometh to me shall never hunger; he that believeth on me shall never thirst.*[2] *Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid.*[3] *Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.*[4] There are other sayings—mysterious, terrible, obscure—which if they do nothing else mark out the exclusive character of His claims. They seem to me that kind of hyperbole which human minds need to startle them into the truth. *All that ever came before me are thieves and robbers.*[5] *If any man come to me, and hate not his father, and mother, and wife, and children, and brethren, and sisters, yea, and his own life also, he cannot be my disciple.*[6] *All things are delivered unto me of my Father: no man knoweth the Son, but the Father: neither knoweth any man the Father, save the Son, and he to whomsoever the Son will reveal him.*[7] Add to these representative pas-

[1] *S. John* viii, 36. [2] *S. John* vi, 35. [3] *S. John* xiv, 27.
[4] *S. Matt.* xi, 28. [5] *S. John* x, 8. [6] *S. Luke* xiv, 26.
[7] *S. Matt.* xi, 27; *S. Luke* x, 22. Cf. note H, p. 552 of Liddon's *Bampton Lectures* (ninth edition). Dr. Vance Smith is "naturally embarrassed by our Lord's solemn words. 'The verse,' he says, 'in both evangelists interrupts the train of the Gospel, and looks strangely out of place, though it would have been perfectly suitable to John. . . . A singular verse,' he exclaims, in a

sages the fact that Christ's self-chosen name was "The Son of man,"[1]—which, whatever further significance it may bear, is a claim to universality and a quiet declination of local or merely national limitations,—and an impregnable position for His unique relation to life is established so far as documents are concerned. Draw the absolute threads and you have not even a man left—only a mutilated and useless fragment.

A king once ordered a royal robe to surpass all in the world. (I am answering in allegory those who out of consideration for Oriental religions and under the spell of their beauty would minimize Christ's claims.) It came, a thing of glory,—gold and scarlet and purple on a constant background of black. "Splendid," he exclaimed, "but make it more splendid by denuding it of all gloom. Draw the black threads." Obedient to his behest, his servants wrought the work of destruction, and it came back to him a tangled mass without form, incapable of covering the nakedness of a beggar, much less of adorning the shoulders of a king. And so the only man[2] brave enough to offer a

later passage, 'which looks as if by some chance it had been transferred from the Fourth Gospel.' Yet there it is, in the Synoptists."

[1] Who but One who held in His hand the sceptre of final authority would command His disciples to go to "all nations," and affirm that He would be with His followers *even unto the end of the world?* (*S. Matt.* xxviii, 19, 20.)

[2] Renan, *Vie de Jesus.*

reconstructed Christ after destroying His absolute claims offers us what?—a book that is dying, and in a few years will be dead. And of all worthless things nothing is more worthless than a dead book.

Fortunately Christianity is not dependent solely upon documents for the establishment of its right to throw its arms about all peoples and nations. It has that indisputable testimony known as experience which at once declares the character of its destiny and the method of working it out. From the first it applies itself to its task of conquering by absorption and fulfilment. Other religions influence, and are influenced by, their predecessors or antagonists; Christianity alone merges their best elements into herself until they disappear not in death, but into life. She moves the beggar from his hovel into her palace, where Buddhism would let the beggar live on in deepening degradation by the side of Gautama's mansion.

It is in my judgement the strongest claim for the imperial aspect of the Church's polity that it came from the Roman religion of the day, which was nationalism. Gibbon says that "the ruin of Paganism, in the age of Theodosius (A.D. 378–395), is perhaps the only example of the total extirpation of any ancient and popular superstition."[1] His term is

[1] *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, ch. xxviii.

wrong. For "extirpation" read "absorption." The accidents were destroyed, the substance was used. Not always did the Church interpret aright her relation to pagan belief, not always did she fight with spiritual weapons; but the higher principle prevailed in the end, and the process of fulfilment did not flag. The basilica became a Christian temple, the weekly memorial of the Resurrection to this day bears in its name the mark of nature-worship. "The sentiment that in the heathen world had rallied about the changes of the seasons, or had found in the Eleusinian or other Mysteries a religious expression, gained in the observance of Easter a point of contact, by which the transition could be made to the Christian ritual. . . . The life of nature constitutes a tangible basis for Christian hope, while the spiritual resurrection glorifies and consecrates the external order, as though it were designed and adapted for the furtherance of man as a spiritual being."[1] The same author sums up the whole thought thus: "The Church was now beginning to assert, in emphatic ways of her own, the neglected truth that in the substance of the visible creation there was some kinship with Deity, as well as in the spirit and reason of man. In this way Neoplatonism passed over into the Catholic

[1] Allen's *Christian Institutions*, pp. 467 ff. The whole chapter bears on this thought.

Church and became the inspiring principle of its ritual. Rome had bestowed upon the Church her gift of organization and administration; Greece had lent her philosophy and intellectual culture; Egypt, with Syria, came last, and furnished the motive of the cultus or worship, by whose agency the last vestiges of heathenism were overcome."[1] The glory and honour of the nations are thus brought into the City of God. We find that early in the annals of Christendom other religions than Judaism were recognized as contributing their best elements to the Church of Christ, and so are exhibited as having a preparatory function leading directly into Christianity. Paganism attacked Christianity and strove for its annihilation. However erratic Christianity was, on the other hand, in her method of dealing with paganism, however short of her ideal as the fulfilling religion, "apostasy, weakness and sin have had no power to destroy the imperishable strength of Christianity. It became secularized, yet it still remained a leaven, to leaven the whole world."[2]

The voice of history adds its witness to that of the original documents of Christianity, testifying to its

[1] Allen's *Christian Institutions*, p. 458.

[2] Sohm's *Outlines of Church History*, p. 21. Cf. pp. 27 ff. for a survey of the relation of Gnosticism to Christianity, and the contribution from paganism to the Church of mysticism.

absolute claims,—claims worked out by a process of fulfilment. It has been reserved for us of later generations to see the futility of the use of force against conviction whether or not it be exerted in the name of Christ. As we look back we discern how Truth won in the might of its sympathy and not in the power of the sword, by absorption of that which was worthy, rather than by iconoclastic violence against deficiencies and distortions.

V

An absolute claim demands an absolute response. He who has manifested Himself as the controller of men throughout the mazes of history can be trusted by the individual to take care of His own particular destiny. The whole man is asked for, and the whole man must respond. With the growth of implicit trust in the children of the Church, there will revive the zeal of Apostolic days to make bold adventure for God to earth's remotest bounds. Until this is done with a more generous offering of the best men to the farthest and hardest work, and a more equable distribution of the Church's benefactions, there will be halting theology and clouded glory in Christendom. Wonderful as Christ's claims are, without testing them in the crucible of human experience, where all nations and peoples and tongues, where East and West, mingle their

elements for the universal good, we can have no grand conviction that they are true. It is easy to see how strong missionary effort, which realized its purpose among the peoples of Asia and the tribes of Africa, would come back to Christianized lands in the form of new grounds for belief. There are hosts of honest men who are waiting to be convinced of that which they would fain accept, namely, that Christ is indeed the Monarch of men and that we are safe in surrendering our best to His keeping. The unwon world is ripe and ready to be garnered. Two years ago at this time I was in the capital of Formosa. The Japanese pastor asked me to baptize three persons who were asking admission to fellowship with Christ: an aged *samurai*, who had once been a bitter antagonist of the Church, a young surgeon in the army, and a lad of ten. Their names were selected with an imaginative insight that was rarely delicate and beautiful. The aged knight, whose weapons had for a season been against, not for, the faith, became Simeon—

Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word;
For mine eyes have seen thy salvation;

the soldier doctor became Cornelius; and the boy, presented by his father, who stood behind him, was Isaac. Old age, virile manhood and sunny youth

stretched out their hands to God and were found by Him. As in a parable they pointed to the dawning day. Believe me, it is no ordinary privilege to be allowed to stand on the mountain top and watch the earliest rays catch the highest peaks, the sure promise that the valleys erelong will be golden with the sun's glory. As yet we of the West have but little understanding of them of the East. But Christ, who is the Orient, is the unifying force who is drawing together inch by inch the severed edges.

Oh, East is East, and West is West, and never the twain shall meet,
Till Earth and Sky stand presently at God's great Judgement Seat;
But there is neither East nor West, Border, nor Breed, nor Birth,
When two strong men stand face to face, tho' they come from the ends of the earth!

LECTURE V

THE EQUIPMENT

Sir, said the king unto Sir Galahad, here is a great marvel as ever I saw, and right good knights have assayed and failed. Sir, said Sir Galahad, that is no marvel, for this adventure is not theirs, but mine, and for the surety of this sword I brought none with me; for here by my side hangeth the scabbard. And anon he laid his hand on the sword, and lightly drew it out of the stone, and put it in the sheath and said unto the king, Now it goeth better than it did aforehand. Sir, said the king, a shield God shall send you.

IT is an apparent inversion to speak of work first and equipment afterwards. A moment's reflection, however, will convince you that true preparation is that which is the outcome of knowledge of the thing to be done. Conventional preparation is not free from the likelihood of missing the mark. The sword and armour of Saul with which David was girt were laid aside for an equipment adapted to the task as he had worked the problem out by a study of conditions. Formal preparation yielded place to intelligent preparation.

In speaking of the missionary's equipment, I am going to set a high ideal that we may aspire each to have an "Excalibur" and a white shield as fine as Galahad's. Ideals sanctify the actual. The Church is holy because her ideal is holy: likewise the nation.

We cannot afford to be negligent of methods or weapons. Christ looked to His armour in the forecast of His vocation in the wilderness, and like David discarded that which was unworthy. We, then, must look to ours.

Obvious features of equipment I shall pass by, not that they are unimportant, but because they are always being pressed on your attention,—faith, conviction, knowledge, tolerance, courage, sympathy. Let us confine ourselves to four matters that are not always given the prominence they deserve,—the cultivation (1) of the imagination, (2) of the social instinct, (3) of the spirit of patriotism, (4) of the spirit of moral adventure.

I

A TRAINED imagination added to a disciplined character forms a powerful and winsome combination. There is a healthy glow shed upon life by a cultivated imagination which lends charm and potency to all the activities of the personality possessing it. The imagination is one of the most important faculties we enjoy. It is the natural basis of the spiritual quality of faith. Undisciplined imagination expresses itself in credulity and superstition; starved imagination, in heaviness and scepticism; balanced imagination, in buoyant trust and simple faith. One of the most conspicuous

characteristics of the Jewish prophets is their imaginative power that enabled them to forecast in radiant language things that might be. They saw the state of the case always from a high elevation. *How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace!*[1] Why upon the mountains?—why not from the ways of men? Because they must "catch the sunlight on the hilltops ere they speak to the dwellers in the plain."[2] You must live a life above men before you will be capable of living an influential life with men. A view of the ideal is antecedent to a view of the actual. *O Zion, that bringest good tidings, get thee up into the high mountain.*[3] Before the dwellers upon the plain can be moved, the messenger must bathe his message in an altitude as near heaven as he can rise to.

The fragmentary glimpse in Scripture of our Lord's mode of life and instruction reveals a nicety of imaginative cultivation that is without parallel. He, like the prophets, sought the mountain tops before He walked the plains. "As one reads the biography of Jesus, one cannot fail to be struck with the effect that seems to have been exercised on His mind and nature by the wide prospect from a lofty elevation. Try to cut out the mountain scenes from His life.

[1] *Is.* lii, 7.
[2] Matheson's *Leaves for Quiet Hours*, pp. 60–62. [3] *Is.* xl, 9.

How much poorer would the Gospels be."[1] In the story of the typical temptation[2] we clearly have a piece of autobiographical narrative. It is as powerful a piece of imaginative literature as exists, lifting up ordinary temptations into the inner recesses of romance. Such a passage as that describing the temptation of the mountain top presses "on us the idea that a notable side of the character of Jesus lay in His poetic and imaginative susceptibility to the influences of natural scenery. The susceptibility did not take the form merely of a liking for the picturesque, which seems to be rather a fashionable idol of the modern mind than a deep-seated craving of the human spirit. It was the suggestiveness of a wide prospect, the stimulation of the mind accompanying the outlook from a point of vantage, which moved the nature of Jesus, and was probably a strong influence in determining his education."[3]

Perhaps nowhere does the imaginative power of Christ manifest itself more than in His mode of teaching. He is the author of the parable, which is something quite distinct from the allegory or the fable. It is the height of the art of illustrative story-telling in which deep principles are inculcated by and embodied in simple, unadorned narratives taken from

[1] Ramsay's *Education of Christ*, pp. 37, 38.
[2] *S. Matt.* iv. [3] *Education of Christ*, p. 40.

the common affairs of life. Each parable suggests manifold truths, but it attempts to drive home only one. So supreme an imaginative art is that of the parable that very few men dare to attempt it. "Christ talked in parables," said Moody, whose power to reach the masses has been unsurpassed in our generation. "Oh, how I wish I could talk in parables! I would if I knew enough." No preacher would be wasting time if he were to study the structure and substance of the parable and make efforts in private to speak its mystic tongue, even though he never composed one worthy of seeing the daylight.

Another indication of Christ's imaginative power is found in the idea that some people have that He did not teach theology. The theology is there in his conversation and in His public utterances, but it is theology that has caught the glow on the hilltops and melted into poetry.

In the case of S. Paul[1] we find a philosophic nature breaking into song because due attention was given to imagination for the sake of faith. His colouring is rich always, but sometimes it excels itself. In his marvellous burial sermon over the dead in Christ of all times and nations[2] you are carried into the farmland, and see at one moment the scattering of the

[1] He seems to have been a reader of poetry. Cf. *Acts* xvii, 28.
[2] *1 Cor.* xv.

seed, at the next the tossing tassels of the golden grain. What bald logic of resurrection ever had language half as convincing as this! At another time night and day speak powerfully to the human will and entice it to play its part where mere commandment would repel.[1] Man needs radiant armour, and he gets it from S. Paul's hand.[2] Truth, righteousness, faith and the rest of the grand series look as full of promise as the new-born lily-bud with the kiss of the morning dew still on its lips.

S. Peter's imaginative gift was distinctive. His peculiarly sensitive and impulsive nature reveals a half-disciplined imagination that on the one hand brought him trouble, and on the other hand took flight with him into regions of faith whither his companions could scarcely follow. The angels hovered about the threshold of his consciousness and gave him security in peril.

Our modern world will readily respond to a sane imaginative appeal. Napoleon Bonaparte was not far wrong when he said that he who would rule men must rule them through the imagination. His deepest power lay in the idealistic conception he had of reëstablishing a world-empire, with France as its centre, rather than in his ability as a general or power in administration. It will always be so, for man is a creature of

[1] *Rom.* xiii, 11 ff. [2] *Eph.* vi, 10 ff.

emotions, and a function of Christianity is to develop that side of life so that it will not be erratic. Theology is the queen of sciences only so far as it is humanized and made to blend with the divine in man and on earth. Melt your theology[1] into poetry. The story of the Father's love toward his erring son[2] is the Epistle to the Romans declared in terms of the human emotions. Theology alone creates an angular soul, unlovely and of small power among serious men; theological ignorance, on the other hand, suggests a jellyfish. I have seen characters that look like a neat volume on rudiments of theology, and others resembling a handful of loose leaves of unconnected but pious sayings.

Our modern world is a world of facts and things, and for this very reason the pulpit should be all aglow with imaginative skill. The business man, who has nothing but a steady diet of logic all the week, stands in a position to be easily won by a poetic appeal from one who has had experience with God and with humanity,—the earliest qualification of a preacher. Little children, too, whose minds are being moulded with scientific precision, more than at any moment in the history of child-life, need folk-lore and fairy stories in the nursery and the romance of religion in the Church and Sunday-school. Neglect the imagination and you

[1] Note that you must have your theology before you can melt it.
[2] *S. Luke* xv.

offer an affront to faith — I do not hesitate to say so, for I believe the imagination to be as truly divine as the reason in conjunction with which it is to be used.[1]

There are two ways of cultivating the imagination which I would emphasize: 1. Grasp the subjective teaching of the Old Testament. Christ's use of the Scriptures was either ethical or spiritual. It ought not to be difficult to see that no theory of criticism can rob the Old Testament of these elements. The significance, for instance, of Elijah's retreat into the wilderness and his communings with God[2] can never fail to teach a whole garland of lessons, no matter what theories may be advanced regarding the place in the realm of history Old Testament miracles hold, or the method by which God held converse with men in the old days. If we have once realized that the history of the Jews is a history illustrative of the divine element in all history, and have read the story of our own or other nations looking for God in its pages, then we can go back to the Old Testament with a quiet mind and a certainty that its chapters are designed not merely to challenge our critical faculty, but also to give scope for the healthy exercise of the imagination. 2. Read poetry, especially Dante,

[1] During the original preparation of these lectures I chanced to pick up a book by an eminent financier and statistician urging the necessity of the cultivation of the imagination.

[2] *1 Kings* xix.

Shakespeare and Browning. Dante is the poet of saintliness; Shakespeare, the poet of common life; Browning, the poet of moral adventure. Dante reveals life's worst possibilities and passes on to its best. The *Inferno* portrays the certainty of sin's lash, the punishment of sin being sin; the *Purgatorio* reveals penalty in the guise of blessing — it is the book of pain, but also the book of song; the *Paradiso* is the book of present joy in life with God. Shakespeare is the revealer of human character. No book except the Bible more fully unlocks the inner recesses of common life and ordinary people — the sort that we rub shoulders with daily. There are no saints, his men and women are pictured without idealistic colouring. Browning seems to take a delight in dragging all the gloomiest problems of men into the public gaze with scorn that inheres in a courage that knows that they can be overcome. He teaches us to fear nothing, no not even "the Arch Fear in visible form," for there is nothing to fear. His high hope cannot be dethroned, for it is born after he has plumbed the world's woes and found them not to his disadvantage. Having seen, challenged, fought, won, the victory over the worst, he takes his seat forever in the citadel of hope. He is the poet of the beauty of ugliness, the perfection of the imperfect, the splendour of the ordinary.

The missionary more than other men, perhaps,

stands in need of imaginative development. Novelty's charm withers in a day. Loneliness among a people who baffle our efforts to understand them is loneliness indeed. Inner resources are a boon to be coveted under such conditions. If one has imagination he will have at any rate a sense of humour, without which I soberly believe none should be accepted as a missionary. The imaginative man is the one who will most quickly come into touch with the people, for the control and use of the imagination is essential to sympathy. Does not the following excerpt from Moody's life reveal one of the secrets of his power? "He saw a student carrying a heavy valise. . . . 'I had started to read my Bible, but somehow I could n't fasten my attention to the book. I could see before me as I read that young man trudging along with that heavy valise. Perhaps he had given the quarter that it would cost him to ride to the station in the collection taken up at my request the day previous. Yes, and he had nearly two miles to walk. Surely that box must be heavy! I could n't stand it any longer. I went to the barn and hurriedly had my horse hitched up, overtook the young man, and carried him and his baggage to the station. When I returned to the house I had no further difficulty in fixing my attention on the subject I was studying.'" The incident is so trifling that I would not venture

to recount it if it were not that I remember that the shortest biography of Christ finds space to tell us how Jesus went to the relief of His friends who were *distressed in rowing*.[1]

II

Hand in hand with the cultivation of the imagination walks that of the social instinct. We must learn to know human nature by contact with human nature, a thing that is necessary to prevent the effort to serve from failure. The light taking of Christ's motto, *The Son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister*,[2] is to be objected to. It points to a climax reached after extended training. Ministration covers such a diversified field that it entails that deep knowledge which is the fruit of the habit of observation. It is true that the Christ of the public ministry was the tireless minister, but He became so because through the long silent years He was studying human life. Pastoral efficiency takes its origin in a humble sitting at the feet of the flock while they reveal not merely their defects, but also their capacity. A fool or a wayfaring man can detect flaws without effort; the cheapest vocation of life is that of a critic. But it takes a trained and alert eye to perceive good qualities in a half-developed or

[1] *S. Mark* vi, 48. [2] *S. Mark* x, 45.

undeveloped character. We are inclined sometimes to chafe because pastoral calls, especially among the rich, hold such scant opportunities in their hand. That, however, depends on your view-point. Remember that you can make a call what you choose,—the shuffling through an unpleasant conventional necessity, or the quiet observation in the home setting of human character to which we are expected to minister. A lack of knowledge of human life among clergy is responsible for the frequency of pastoral failure. Among the maxims of Confucius I found these searching words: "One should not be concerned not to be understood of men; one should be concerned not to understand men."

One duty of a missionary is to dignify social life. If he chances to be among primitive folk a task of complete reconstruction lies before him. Theories carefully gathered beforehand and cherished as prime elements in equipment are as likely as not destined to prove valueless or unsuited to the special conditions. He is thrown back upon his social ability and knowledge to work out the problem of sanctified fellowship. It might be interjected in this connection that inability to work with others—I am not speaking of natural reserve or shyness, but the exaggeration of self-assertion—is an absolute disqualification for missionary vocation. It reveals so serious a temperamental

obstacle, or else such a neglect of social training, as to preclude any prospect of success.

Power of leadership consists largely in ability to discern the spirits of men. *Jesus knew all men, and needed not that any one should bear witness concerning man; for he himself knew what was in man.*[1] At first any attempt to appropriate such a gift as this must be more or less conscious and uncomfortable. It calls for social alertness. After a while it becomes instinctive, as it did with Lincoln, who knew men better than they knew themselves,—a fair definition of a leader. He did not need to rely on book knowledge to the extent that the rest of us do. He did but little reading because men had always been his book, and his swiftest glance was more accurate than the careful perusal of most men. That preacher who by a clever use of the Socratic method among his congregation during the week extracted from his social intercourse material for his Sunday sermons won the success he deserved.

III

Patriotism used once to engender hatred and jealousy of all nations but one's own. It sprang from the instinct of national self-preservation, which jumped to the conclusion that unless the nation strove for su-

[1] *S. John* ii, 24, 25.

premacy, and won by the force of its might, its own existence was doomed. In the old days it was a military virtue, with the motto *Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.* But the times are changed. International experience is by degrees teaching mutual respect and consideration among the nations of the world, and patriotism feels it as large a privilege to live for one's country as to die for it. It is becoming more and more a link in the chain of unity instead of an element making for estrangement. The efficient priest cannot afford to forget that he is a citizen, and that as such he must plunge into present-day questions, carrying with him the spiritual leaven that is to leaven the whole lump of life. The missionary who would work in sympathy with other nations must first know and love his own.

The prophets of old were patriots, and from this fact came half their power. Jesus, the pride of nations, was a lover of His own country and of men who like Himself came of Jewish lineage. S. Paul was stimulated by thoughts of citizenship in a rising degree to the close of his career. It became to him a stimulus and inspiration for purposeful adventure, and endowed him with subtle tact. Tact, let us recollect, is sympathy in operation.

The exploration of travellers and the quest of missionaries in centuries gone were partially incited by

zeal for national honour. In our day conquest of nations for selfish ends has become well-nigh impossible, and has given place to a desire for that conquest that will manifest itself in peace and good-will. Diplomacy lives for the promotion of the intelligent appreciation and enlarged understanding of foreign nations not less than for the protection of home interests. The foreigner not infrequently becomes the foremost interpreter of a neighbouring nation's character, so that it is easily conceivable how the Christian missionary, provided he be a patriot, may instruct in the true principles of self-fulfilment a people far removed in language and customs from his own.

Patriotism is a help to the study of language. The thought is not strained, having a bearing on the significance and spiritual value of language. Is it not so, that the acquisition of an unknown tongue is not so much the instrument through which we are to convey our ideas to others—that can always be done by an interpreter—as the key by means of which the door admitting us into native life may be unlocked? He who masters another tongue endows himself with a second soul. Language is the conserver of nationality as well as the highest symbol of the nation's personality. Nicholas I of Russia, in his endeavour to suppress the dialects of conquered states, and Alexander III, his successor in his onslaught on the

Polish tongue, were bent on crushing out the lesser for the sake of the greater nationality. The Pan-Slavonic ideal aims at one language for the entire race. The vernacular, like indigenous religion, is hard to annihilate. It may be done by the annihilation of the people; I know no other way. A new language, however, may be brought into being by the blending of the vernacular with alien tongues, furnishing an enlarged medium of thought for a race whose horizon has been extended. In little England Welsh on the one hand and Gaelic on the other have stoutly withstood the onslaught of Dane and Saxon and Norman. Some foolish folk suppose that English will some day be a substitute for the Babel of dialects in the Philippines. Though it may become a *lingua franca*, Malay, enlarged and modified perhaps, will always continue.

If for a while the intellect of Europe lived in the language of Rome, the common people were during the same period constructing a mode of expression all their own. Early in the fourteenth century there issues in the purest Italian tongue that gem of poems which is divine not only in title, but also in character, the burden of the song being devotion to the nation as a sacred thing—the writer himself was an exile because a patriot. The *Divine Comedy* signalized the adolescence of a language and promised the birth of a nation. In the sixteenth century French was held

in low estimation under the pressure of the classical renaissance. The poets of the *Pleiad*[1] came to the rescue and prepared the way for the proud *Académie française*. Du Bellay, one of the number, "recognized of what force the music and dignity of language are, how they enter into the inmost part of things; and in pleading for the cultivation of the French language he is pleading for no merely scholastic interest, but for freedom, impulse, reality, not in literature merely, but in daily communion of speech."[2]

In view of these facts it always seems to me a grave affront to national life that the highest expression of worship should find its only utterance in the Roman Church through the medium of a dead language. It is one of the standing tokens of the unextinguishable

[1] The school composed of Pierre de Ronsard and six like-minded geniuses.

[2] Pater's *Renaissance*, p. 171. It was maintained by classical enthusiasts that "science could be adequately discussed and poetry nobly written only in the dead languages. 'Those who speak thus,' says Du Bellay, 'make me think of those relics which one may only see through a little pane of glass, and must not touch with one's hands. That is what these people do with all branches of culture, which they keep shut up in Greek and Latin books, not permitting one to see them otherwise, or transport them out of dead words into those which are alive and wing their way daily through the mouths of men.' 'Languages,' he says again, 'are not born like plants and trees, some naturally feeble and sickly, others healthy and strong and apter to bear the weight of men's conceptions, but all their virtue is generated in the world of choice and men's freewill concerning them. Therefore, I cannot blame too strongly the rash-

animosity toward nationalism of that communion. The vernacular reaches its zenith in worship, but Rome denies it the privilege in the Mass.

As a further illustration of the intimacy between the vernacular and national character it is worth noting that at moments of national debility there is apt to be an importation of foreign letters, as, for instance, immediately prior to the rise of the modern German Empire there was an affectation in Germany of French thought and expression; and among the decadent set in America and England, the most objectionable French literature is gloated over by its votaries, to their further degradation.

Language study is frequently the bugbear of the newly arrived missionary, who discovers that he must settle down to a couple of years' hard grinding before he can turn his zeal loose upon native life. If he remembers that his task is not a dry duty to be gotten through with, but that in it he will find the soul of the people, there will be at least a dash of romance in his study to give zest in its pursuit.

ness of some of our countrymen who, being anything rather than Greeks or Latins, deprecate and reject with more than stoical disdain everything written in French; nor can I express my surprise at the odd opinion of some learned men who think that our tongue is wholly incapable of erudition and good literature'" (p. 169).

IV

The spirit of moral adventure stands high in the missionary's equipment. He must be a man whose experience justifies his boldly saying with S. Paul, *Be ye followers of me.* He is to be a leader in righteousness, and it is a leader's place to go before. The world of men need a sure sign that there is a power given by means of which they can achieve moral stature. It is insufficient that we should be equipped merely to go down into the shadows and sympathize with weakness; we must be able to bid them come up with us along a path with which we have already become somewhat familiar.

There are two influences which in our day make strongly against the processes of self-improvement,— a certain depreciation of the power of the human will, and the supposed cheapness of pardon. Modern life has abated or obscured the sense of moral responsibility. The common conception is that in the main we are born what we are to be. Our fate is determined largely by our progenitors, and what is left of it when heredity has finished playing with us is disposed of by environment. The best we can do is to create modifications of a minor sort. Popular science is responsible for this distortion of the truth,— popular science usually being composed of hasty con-

clusions drawn from a little learning. The laws of heredity are but dimly understood, and the good heredity at our disposal has never been encouraged to spend the full extent of its beneficent force on us, whereas bad heredity is invited to lay upon our lives its maximum weight. As for environment, the whole history of civilization consists in the narration of man's progressive conquest of it. It is for us to test experimentally to what extent we may appropriate the good characteristics of our forbears far and near. The Anglo-Saxon aristocracy of yesterday was proud chiefly of the family name and the family gout. True *noblesse oblige* drives us to make the family virtues, brilliant yesterday but dim to-day, shine forth again in our lives. It is a worthy venture.

Any system of semi-fatalism like that of the pseudo-scientist is strangely at variance with the Bible. It is the book of personal responsibility, even though it be the book of redemption. It portrays human life not as a toy at the disposal of chance, but as a solemn trust, self-determining at will. It may rise or fall according as it chooses. Men are represented as free agents. They are called to become that which they are not, and which they can become only through deliberate choice and effort; to do things that seem so far in advance of human possibility as almost to mock our defectible and defective nature, but which,

if we fail to achieve, expose us to the charge of culpable weakness and negligence. When any one attains, he receives commendation as having won. If he fails, condemnation is speedy and stern. Human life, human character, is represented as being just what each person determines to make it. All this the Bible proclaims in the terms of human experience.

God's grace is not honoured by any depreciation of the power of the human will. We never know what measure of moral capacity is at our disposal until we try to express it in action. It is not visible except so far as it declares itself in terms of duty performed. An adventure of some proportions is not uncommonly all that a young man needs to determine and fix his manhood's powers. In the realm of moral character this is profoundly true.[1]

Another bar to moral progress is the subconscious assurance that pardon is cheap. Popular theology, like popular science, is dangerous. The current Protestant idea of justification by faith is not that of S. Paul. Pardon is free, but not cheap. Without some recognition and acceptance of penance, whatever form it may take, there can be at best but a low regard of God's

[1] "What we are to be must in great measure depend upon the efforts we are prepared to make. If we are to become more spiritual men, it can only be because we are firmly determined that it shall be so." A. W. Robinson, *The Personal Life of the Clergy*, p. 20.

mercy. It is not that we think to win pardon by self-inflicted pain, or that we consider the sufferings of Christ incomplete; rather is it the intuitive effort of one who loves his Saviour to claim a share in His sufferings,[1] and so in some dim way come to understand the meaning of atonement. Penance is merely an index finger helping men to estimate the full value of forgiveness, and all who have surrendered themselves to it know what illumination and sweetness lie hidden in its shadows:

The thing that seems
Mere misery under human schemes,
Becomes, regarded by the light
Of love, as very near, or quite
As good a gift as joy before.

Modern teachers of ethics tell us that the growth of character, like every other form of evolution, is slow. Doubtless it is so at best, but never as slow as a sluggish spirit convinces itself that it is. Pace is commensurate with effort, and no man can measure the potential rate of his own growth until he has tested his will capacity to the utmost and to the end.

Few can speak of growth in righteousness without a sense of shame and confusion. Surrender to weaknesses, presumptuous sins, minimized faults, rise up

[1] Cf. S. Paul's phrase (*Phil.* iii, 10), *that I may know . . . the fellowship of his sufferings.* See also *Col.* i, 24.

to condemn the majority. But underlying all else are two clear indications of capacity,—we know that we did not fail of necessity, but of choice; otherwise our wrong-doing would be no cause for shame any more than the nightmare which disturbs our rest. The power of choice still remains to us, though of course it must now be backed up by more vigour than if we had not weakened character by indulgence. The other encouragement is that we still expect emancipation from our faults. The road to be travelled cannot be quite the same as it would have been some years ago, but the goal is unaltered. It does not reject us as unworthy or hopeless, but if anything, it is more inviting than ever. A little more healthy self-reliance, a little more belief in the Everlasting Arms, and we would undertake a conquest here and there of things that menace our well-being and curtail our usefulness. General Braddock was dying. He "roused himself twice only, for a moment, from his death stupor: once, the first night, to ejaculate mournfully, 'Who would have thought it!' And again once, he was heard to say, days after, in a tone of hope, 'Another time we will do better!' which were his last words, 'death following in a few minutes.' Weary, heavy-laden soul; deep sleep now descending on it,—soft, sweet cataracts of Sleep and Rest; suggesting hope, and triumph over sorrow, after all. 'Another time we will do bet-

ter;' and in a few minutes was dead!"[1] He planned his next adventure, but it never came off. Ours will.

You will notice that the features of equipment which I have emphasized have as their basis elements that are common to all, though this faculty or that may be more susceptible to cultivation in one than in another. The ties that most quickly and most firmly bind us to others are not the endowments of genius and brilliancy such as excite admiration. These rather lift men up on a pedestal and act as a force making for separation. It is the full development of the ordinary gifts of human nature that furnish the soundest armour for ministerial efficiency,—a thing to encourage the many of us who are conscious that, though having no conspicuous talents, we are called to the priesthood and its successes.

[1] Carlyle's *Frederick the Great*, bk. xvi, ch. xiv.

LECTURE VI

THE GOAL

About midnight came a voice among them which said, My sons and not my chieftans, my friends and not my warriors, go ye hence, where ye hope best to do, and as I bad you.— Ah, thanked be thou, Lord, that thou wilt vouchsafe to call us thy sinners. Now may we well prove that we have not lost our pains.

WE began the discussion of adventure for God with the banner of romance flying to the breeze. Visions of His deep purposes caught our imagination, and the prospect of sharing in the process of working them out was a tonic to our souls. We heard the moan of a suffering world telling us there was place for practical compassion. The glint of hope and high expectation was in our eye as we stood by and watched the procession of God's missionary knights march past with success in their hands, and in desire and purpose we flung in our lot with them, donning an equipment that might stand the strain of the campaign. It is exciting to feel that life may be made so effective as to reach the end of space, the outmost bounds of human life. It is a help to be assured that the deep bass note of a suffering race is there, not to be shut out lest we hear it, not to force itself upon us to torture us, but as an appeal for aid; and that those who are called to help can help. It makes missionary

work a triumphant march if the nations of the world are ready and waiting to be converted. Our loneliness in a foreign land is easily bearable with the comforting thought that wherever we go Christ has preceded us and is waiting to receive us. And if an important part of our equipment is but the wise development of ordinary gifts, and does not consist in unique birth endowments, then the missionary vocation is of all vocations the one to be most coveted. While not disputing the conclusion, before we accept it as being something we are ready for, let us lay aside the veil of romance, and measure with an accurate rule various grave matters that are essential to a balanced view of the situation.

I

The contrast between the beginning and the end of life is great. In it lies all the difference between promise and fulfilment. Beginnings are radiant with hope; the end at best leaves but a broken cord hanging from our hand. If romance enshrines the infant head in a circle of light, tragedy draws one or more of its red lines across the face of old age. Lying at the feet of childhood are blossoms of virtue and achievement; at those of old age, the fragments of disappointed hopes, shattered vows, blighted expectations. The man who most nearly approaches success is he whose spirit is

not broken under pressure, whose faith is not quenched by clouds, whose purpose from first to last is not deflected by threat or allurement. High aspiration always leads into the thick of trouble; there is no roundabout way to the goal.

But it is hard, at the inception of a career, to believe that these things must be. Why cannot the path be kept sunny all the way through? Are there no means of escape from the pain and inconvenience of wounded feet? Can we not somehow elude the suffering of personal failure which, we recognize, often if not always means the promotion of the cause? The strength of youth is so commanding, its buoyancy so elastic, as to deceive us sometimes into thinking that the inevitable is capable of being avoided. But it is unkind to allow those who are drawn toward missionary life to imagine anything but the truth. Part of the test of vocation is that having seen and pondered over the cost we are prepared to pay it. The missionary who sets out with nothing but the glamour of the moment to move him is on the highroad to failure. The forces of progress are relentless; they not only demand, but they take to a nicety their pound of flesh. It is noticeable with what emphasis our Lord lays down the minimum price of discipleship, and how the Apostles reiterate its terms. *If any man would come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and*

follow me. For whosoever would save his life shall lose it: and whosoever shall lose his life for my sake shall find it.[1] *If so be that we suffer with him, that we may be also glorified with him.*[2] The kind of suffering is not that which we go out of our way to inflict upon ourselves, but which comes, if not to-day, then to-morrow, to every one who is morally and spiritually ambitious.

Christ's life is the normal life in its suffering not less than its perfection. That is to say, a life lived consistently on the same plane as His would entail as much pain — the character of the suffering might be different, but that does not signify — now as then. Suffering is proportionate to the completeness and the aspiration of our lives.

Brow made more comely by the thorn's harsh kiss,
Hands taught new mercy by nails merciless,
Heart's portals open-lanced to human need,
Feet shod with fiery wounds that lend them speed.

The friends of Jesus are like their leader in that they never lose their pains during the period of conflict, nor the compensating efficiency that is ensuant upon Christian endurance.

The Lord began His course among mortals with the diadem of success upon His brow. Heaven spoke to

[1] *S. Matt.* xvi, 24, 25. [2] *Rom.* viii, 17.

earth about the hour-old Child whose name was to be *Wonderful, Counsellor, The mighty God, The everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace.*[1] The wise sat at His youthful feet.[2] God favoured Him and man loved Him.[3] When he began His larger work He had the inspiration of divine Sonship in His soul.[4] There were moments when popularity laid its coils to fold Him in Laocoön-like embrace;[5] the *world went after Him*, to use the frightened hyperbole of the Pharisees as they beheld the hold He had on the common folk.[6]

But troubles came, first in ones and twos, and then in groups, finally in phalanxes. The envy of His enemies takes shape in plots, and ends in tragedy. Within is the pain of disappointment; the dulness of His disciples impedes His work; the faith of the people affords Him but the fragment of an opportunity; His teaching is misunderstood by those nearest Him—then arrives that hour in Gethsemane in which His soul so quivers with pain that we can see it suffer as He is drawn away to bleed on the cross and die. The climax of His faithful failure is reached in a cry that is the most perfect portraiture of loneliness that the world holds.[7] At the beginning of His life there was the song of peace

[1] *Isa.* ix, 6. [2] *S. Luke* ii, 46. [3] *S. Luke* ii, 52.
[4] *S. Matt.* iii, 17. [5] *S. John* vi, 15.
[6] *S. John* xii, 19. [7] *S. Mark* xv, 34.

and good-will,[1] and the poetry of hope and joy.[2] At the end the bystander can discern nothing but the half-silence of a broken heart and the wild music of the untamed storm. We who are trained to see beneath the surface, with the wisdom and piety of centuries to help us out, read the triumph so clearly as almost to be blind to all else. The enthusiast, half drunk with the vision of youth, ready to bear self-inflicted pain, forgets that the suffering of an adventurer for God is that which is least expected and least wanted. When Jesus *began to shew unto his disciples, how that he must go unto Jerusalem, and suffer many things of the elders and chief priests and scribes, and be killed, and the third day be raised up; Peter took him, and began to rebuke him, saying, Be it far from thee, Lord: this shall never be unto thee.*[3] Self-chosen suffering seems so suitable; the kind that comes, however, is so necessary. It takes a long while for us to realize that suffering is the real work of an aspiring soul.[4] The protean character and the surprises of suffering form the hardest phase of the suffering life to be borne. The capacity of the trained mind and refined soul to suffer are limitless, and they deepen until life ends, or the faculties wear out. Exemption can be bought only at a price that a true-souled man

[1] *S. Luke* ii, 13, 14.
[2] *S. Luke* i, 46 ff., 68 ff.; ii, 29 ff.
[3] *S. Matt.* xvi, 21, 22.
[4] J. Mozley, quoted by Illingworth.

would not care to pay. It is no argument against the love of God that the world is a world of pain, provided, as we know to be the case, that God Himself has elected to suffer more than the greatest sufferer, and that there is a worthy end to it all; provided that some day we cease to be chieftains and become God's sons, that we cease to be His warriors and become His friends, or in a word, that we lose not our pains.

This law of suffering is not a Christian invention. S. John Baptist, with less to sustain him than the least Christian, went through the same stern school, illustrating that it was the rule of the old order not less than of the new. His young days, I do not hesitate to aver, were joyous, hopeful moments in spite of his indulgence in rigorous self-discipline. He, too, tasted the sweets of popularity, so that when the time came for him to be smitten with the sword of chastisement by another hand, the wound cut into the quick of his soul. His feet were almost gone, his treadings had well-nigh slipt. The dumb prison walls would have buried his pain in their silence had he not uttered one cry that pierced even their callousness: *Art thou he that cometh, or look we for another?*[1] Had his powers been devoted to the furtherance of a false cause, or not? Who can fully weigh the pain of such a doubt? His mind was set at rest by Christ before his head

[1] *S. Matt.* xi, 3.

became the toy of merry-makers. But the doubt lives on to torture other adventurers at the sunset of their career.

S. Peter, the Apostle who "loved to choose and see his path," was not allowed to play truant from the school of heroes. *When thou wast young, thou girdedst thyself, and walkedst whither thou wouldest: but when thou shalt be old, thou shalt stretch forth thy hands, and another shall gird thee, and carry thee whither thou wouldest not.*[1] If the story is true, at the very end the grizzled Apostle chose life as his discipline rather than death, even when death was that which God willed for him; and had not Christ laid upon his arm a warning hand, he would have failed.

S. Paul, the prototype and pattern of the modern missionary, began his course as a Christian with a vision whose brilliancy lingered upon his life beyond the usual term of such visitations. His history has more suffering in it than often falls to the lot of men. Out of his experience he exhorts his friend to be *partaker of the afflictions of the gospel according to the power of God.*[2] There were occasions when depression engulfed him. *We would not, brethren, have you ignorant of our trouble which came to us in Asia, that we were pressed out of measure, above strength, insomuch that we despaired even of life.*[3] When sun-

[1] *S. John* xxi, 18. [2] *2 Tim.* i, 8. [3] *2 Cor.* i, 8.

set was in sight, and the Roman sword that was to smite off his head was already uplifted, he uttered his cry of abandonment: *Demas forsook me, having loved this present world.*[1] *At my first defence no one took my part, but all forsook me.*[2] But he expresses no surprise. It is only in accord with the law of God's kingdom. Having fought his fight and tried to live for the brethren, God has issued His decree that it is better for them that he should die,—die in full view of impostors leading astray the flock. And he dies like his Master, with alternate notes of triumph and cries of pain on his lips.

II

Let us make no mistake. The cleverest weavers of romance must always be the foremost pupils in the school of suffering. And without pain there is no glory. It is wise, nay necessary, to sit down and quietly reckon with this certainty, so that when we meet our fate we shall not be surprised or overborne. *Which of you, intending to build a tower, sitteth not down first, and counteth the cost, whether he have sufficient to finish it?*[3] It is often the case that a young priest goes out to his task without adequate appreciation of even its initial discouragements. A little pained surprise, much hopeless floundering, a gradual

[1] *2 Tim.* iv, 10. [2] *2 Tim.* iv, 16. [3] *S. Luke* xiv, 28.

lowering of ideals, come to an inglorious close in the cessation of effort, and a new blot upon the Church's escutcheon. To some the buffeting comes early, to some late; but to all it comes. For some it takes the form of apathy in parochial life or partisan bickerings, for others the blight of worldliness or the lust of visible success in conflict with the pure ideals of the youthful pastor; but for all it is a certainty.

Beloved, think it not strange concerning the fiery trial which is to try you, as though some strange thing happened unto you: but rejoice, inasmuch as ye are partakers of Christ's sufferings; that, when his glory shall be revealed, ye may be glad also with exceeding joy. If ye be reproached for the name of Christ, happy are ye; for the spirit of glory and of God resteth on you. . . . But let none of you suffer as a murderer, or as a thief, or as an evildoer, or as a busybody in other men's matters. Yet if any man suffer as a Christian, let him not be ashamed; but let him glorify God on this behalf. . . . Let them that suffer according to the will of God commit the keeping of their souls to him in well doing as unto a faithful Creator.[1] S. Peter, you see, did in his day what I am striving to do,—to convince men of the inevitable suffering that is the lot of the Christian, and especially of him who in any sense is to be a leader in Christ's

[1] *1 Pet.* iv, 12 ff.

Church. We must not be surprised when it comes as though it were strange, for it is an integral part of experience. That it is fiery does not signify—this too is part of a divinely ordered programme. A Christian's sufferings are the prelude to a Christian's triumph, as in the case of the first Christian, Christ. There is, however, one kind of suffering from which the Christian is exempt, that of the evil-doer—the murderer, the thief, the busybody. He is to be ashamed if this should come to him, but if he suffer as an adventurer for God, not only must he be not ashamed, but he may rejoice in the great deeps of the soul.

We must not confuse the two possible kinds of failure in ministerial life. To the one, it is true, we are liable, to the other we are bound. Though we may have a wholesome fear of the first, we are concerned with faithful failure, that is to say, the failure born of faithfulness—not the failure of faithfulness.

The phase of failure that we of to-day are chiefly liable to is the result of worldliness, pride and sloth. Our position is not unlike that of the Christians who lived when the faith began to be popular in the Empire. What has been called the secularization of Christianity shortly took place. Compromise with the world was mistaken for the working of the leaven of the Gospel. The temptation is for a zealous man to try to

be not in the world as well as not of the world. He would safeguard the purity of the truth to such a degree that it is quite apart from life. No one can fail to see the peril of claiming every department of life for Christ and trying to redeem it, but a less ambitious course seems to force us to the admission that the world is too much for Christ, or else that it is in the divine scheme that certain phases of life are without hope of regeneration. It would appear to me, however, that just as the nation brings its glory into the Celestial City, so should society, or the world of commerce, or the sphere of intellect. The dangers of striving for this are summed up powerfully by Auberlen.[1] "The fundamental error of our Christian theory and practice is that we blend the Kingdom and the World —the very thing the Bible calls 'whoredom.' . . . The deeper the Church penetrated into heathenism—the very heart of it—the more she herself became heathenish; she then no longer overcame the world, but suffered the world to overcome her. Instead of elevating the world to her divine height, she sank down to the level of the worldly, fleshly, earthly life; as the heathen masses came into the Church unconverted, so the heathenish worldly spirit passed over to the Church without passing through the death of the

[1] Quoted by Archbishop Benson in his posthumous book *The Apocalypse: A Study*, pp. 45 ff.

Cross." Purely individualistic Christianity concerns itself solely with the units of society. Social Christianity, while not neglecting this fundamental duty, lays hands of sanctification on departments of organic and organized life, beginning with the family, and not stopping at the nation, but boldly claiming a voice in international affairs. The larger enterprise is fraught with peril, but the peril loses itself in opportunity. The fullest opportunity has its home between a risk and a possibility. The process is neither one of blending nor of compromise, but of leavening. It is indeed a melancholy failure, as for the individual so also for any part of the Church, to lose vision and take on the tone and temper of time and space. There is nothing worse or more difficult to remedy, for compromise with the world carries with it the comfort of lotus-eating —the softer features of the Gospel are appropriated and its disciplines lost sight of. Side by side in the mind of a Christian leader must lie a just view of the actual and a clear view of the ideal. It is this that will lift him up into the realm of lofty independence that accepts established custom only after it has been tried and not found wanting.

Pride is always a prominent temptation in the lives of those who are of necessity forced into introspection and subjectivity. It puts the messenger before the message, the priest before the sacrament, the man

before his God. But are we not inclined to foster the root of pride by a misunderstanding of its real character? Pride is not the recognition in ourselves of gifts and graces; it is rather the dwelling upon them as an end in themselves, or as a means of self-pleasing. Common honesty compels a man who has the gift of oratory, or the grace of self-control, to recognize it just as fully as the brown-eyed man knows the colour of his eyes, or the muscular man the power of his physique. It is a good thing to measure our gifts as well as we know how. Once having got their approximate size, there is no surer antidote to pride than the employment to the full in the noblest way of what we possess.

As for sloth, in these strenuous days it usually takes on the form of a lack of balance in which worship is outstripped by action. It is the great unseen stretches of life that are most endangered by the spirit of the age. The part of life lived in the public eye is kept up to pitch, but we are too weary, or worried, or preoccupied, to take time to become personally acquainted with the eternal verities. We do not plan for deep excursions into the sphere that lies less than a hand's breadth from our *prie-dieu*. Or in moral matters we are not curious enough to try just how high we can climb in the scale of goodness.

The commonest failure of the worldly leader is that he has nothing to show but a flourishing business

establishment bearing the name of a Church, and a low ideal. That of the proud man is that he has attached people to himself and not to his Gospel. He rejoices over personal achievements with a self-consciousness that results in loss of power, because it withdraws the attention from the result to be obtained and centres it on self. That of the slothful man, that he is seldom behind the veil, and his sermons are nothing but quotations or platitudes devoid of the fire of experience. Grosser failures I have passed by, as they are too manifest to need treatment.

Now as to the failures to which we are bound. Their cause must be the same as brought Christ to the cross, —other-worldliness, humility and spiritual diligence. It is extraordinary how one who has been true to these standards looms up above the able and the learned. Perhaps in his lifetime he was not very strong in the pulpit, he was awkward in address, he had some unmistakable flaw in character; but the hand of death has made his whole life speak with the eloquence of godliness, and smoothed away the wrinkle in his character which—how strange it is we did not recognize this before!—was incidental. His citizenship was always in heaven. His indifference to positive results was due to his insistence upon deep results. He was a guardian of motives and a guide and sustainer of high purpose.

Humility is the one grace that cannot be counterfeited. It is the hallmark of a noble character. Its wearer knows his gifts, but he also knows for what purpose he carries them. Being preoccupied in his endeavour to employ them worthily he has no time to give to admiring them. He values their weight above their beauty.

Spiritual diligence is never off duty. It begins out of sight, but it is as much at home in public as in private. Our Lord's spiritual activities had their source in the unseen portions of His life, but they never ceased to flow, simply and naturally. There were but few formal occasions in His career; neither was there anything unprepared. The evangelical record is largely made up of common occurrences transfigured. If we were to pass by the deeds which called forth powers in Him that we do not individually possess, and to make the spiritual attitude of the Master toward the commonplaces of life our study and pattern, we would be in a fair way to the achievement of spiritual diligence. His simplicity was not the simplicity of narrowness. It was the simplicity of a single motive which made it as easy to spiritualize one situation as another. The simple life is not the life that does one thing, but the life that does all things from one motive, and that a simple motive.

III

But where is the failure and the pain in a life grounded on such principles as we have been considering? In this: world-forces antagonistic to Christianity will be aroused and we will be made to feel the venom of their arrows. You have but to read the honest biography — it is a hard kind of biography to find — of a leader of righteousness, to learn the thousand ways in which his effort is impeded and wounds are inflicted. Reduce the scale and you have a portrait of my lot and yours, unless some early and sudden blow close the volume summarily. Perhaps it will be in a country town where your Gethsemane and Calvary will greet you, perhaps in the shadow of a stately city church, perhaps on the frontier of Christianity. But greet you it will, if you rise to your proper stature. We must view the case without self-pity, which next to self-admiration is most despicable. Our early schemes will blossom and flower, perhaps. The road for many miles will be smooth, it may be. The freshness of our vision will not easily suffer extinction. But the inevitable is inevitable. The vision of youth will fade; its glow will die as the colour in the western sky when night engulfs the last throb of the sun. Friends will leave us. Some of our spiritual children will lapse into unbelief, or worse. Before a growing ideal and in the wisdom of

retrospect our earlier plans will look sophomoric and inadequate. A long pastorate will have taken the keenness off our preaching. Our parishioners will ill conceal their weariness of us — one of the modern and most painful forms of crucifixion. The younger men will discuss questions our old-fashioned minds are unable to follow. The query of the Baptist will rise to vex us: "Is it not possible that I have made a mistake? Have I not wasted my life in a fruitless struggle?" All this is but the common experience of faithful men. I am but transcribing a page from everyday history.

But the vision is not dead. It has not ceased to be. Once we carried it as the flower carries the morning dew. Now it carries us as the mother her babe. It still lives,— lives with a more abundant life than yesterday. But it has passed from a fragrance, a fascination, a joy, into a world-force, a life undying, a beacon for other men. It has mingled with our blood. Half the texture of our lives is woven from its threads. "The homely actual receives and hides the shining ideal, as the splendours and warmth of summer are reborn in humble plants and springing grass. Yet doubtless the ideal will in time transform the actual to its own image." The process is not yet complete. We can follow only to the edge, and the highest prophecy of what lies beyond is little better than a guess. For *eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into*

the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him.[1]

As with the vision, so with the appeal. The plaintive cry of a suffering world no longer kindles our emotions into the half pain, half joy of yore. We hear it with emphasized distinctness. But long since the lines between our intellectual and emotional life lost their sharpness, and well ordered aid is our instinctive, almost automatic response to need within the reach of our failing strength. Feverish pity has given place to dignified and disciplined compassion. There has been a growth, a transformation, not loss or decay.

The world looks very evil—we can see its whole breadth now. It requires no straining to touch the outer bounds of human life. The nations appear farther from being won than at the moment of our first glimpse of far lands and great spaces. But it is only because we are ripe in knowledge, rich in experience, keen in discernment, that these things take on this guise. Had we seen when young with the same eyes wherewith we see now, we would have a standard of comparison. As it is, there is none. We are thrown back on the faith that believes that God's promises do not fail, that no good work falls short of reaching fruition, somewhere, some time, and the knowledge that God's mills grind slowly.

[1] *1 Cor.* ii, 9.

Our equipment has ceased to be a warrior's defence and has become a veteran's consolation. Armour is still needed, the armour of God at that, but the battle is over, and there is nothing left for us to do but stand and wait. The fullest courage is for the helpless hour when our world-wandering is over, our hope

Dwindled into a ghost not fit to cope
With that obstreperous joy success would bring.

Yet our spirit is unbroken, our courage not cowed, our faith not extinguished. It is only that we rely more on God, less on man, beginning with self. Comely fear, such as graced the Saviour's soul in the presence of death, will be coloured with reverent speculation on what lies beyond. Nothing remains but to compose ourselves for the finish because we have reached the Goal.

For sudden the worst turns the best to the brave,
The black minute's at end,
And the elements' rage, the fiend voices that rave,
Shall dwindle, shall blend,
Shall change, shall become first a peace out of pain,
Then a light, then thy breast,
O thou soul of my soul! I shall clasp thee again,
And with God be the rest!

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